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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

WE much regret to record an accident to the King, whose horse reared and fell on him while he was reviewing the troops in France. There was no fracture or internal lesion, but the King has suffered severe pain, and his journey home was a serious ordeal, borne, we are assured, with his accustomed patience and courage. His progress to recovery has been continuous.

THE Prime Minister's speech on Tuesday contained the fullest review of the campaign yet given to the nation as well as a statement of some constitutional adjustments. The most interesting disclosures were that Sir John French had a million men under his command, to which the Dominions had contributed over two hundred and twenty thousand, and that the Navy had carried overseas more than two and a-half million soldiers, with a loss of only one-tenth per cent., while it had cleared the high seas of the German navy and mercantile fleets. As to the land campaign, the Germans had gained no foot of ground since last April, and the Mesopotamian Expedition had been a brilliant success. A full recital was given of the story of the Dardanelles Expedition. The Prime Minister took all the responsibility, removing Mr. Churchill from the picture, and claiming proper consultation with naval and military experts, but admitting "doubts" and "hesitation" on the part of Lord Fisher. The Cabinet was consulted before a shot was fired, though not, we imagine, at the stage when the policy of the expedition was under review. Magnificent work had been done, especially by the Navy and the Australians. But the issue was disappointing. Great risks had undoubtedly been taken, but the result of success would

have been overwhelming. The situation of the Dardanelles was now receiving "consideration" as part of the developments in the whole Eastern theatre of war. On that question there was complete agreement with the French, and Serbia's independence was an essential object of the Entente.

ON conscription Mr. Asquith declared himself a strong voluntarist on grounds of expediency. There were defects in the voluntary system, but it had the capital advantage of maintaining the national unity, while, if conscription were introduced without "general consent," it would defeat its own purpose. He dismissed the failure of voluntarism as a contingency never likely to arise, but admitted that if after munition workers, workers for necessary industries, and workers for exports had been struck out of Lord Derby's lists, a "substantial number" of unmarried men of military age were holding back, the country might consent to "some form of legal obligation." He would "stick at nothing" to win the war, but he retained full confidence in the patriotism and public spirit of his countrymen.

AS to the size of the Cabinet, the Prime Minister declined any change, and insisted that devolution by committees (some fifty in number) was adequate for all practical purposes. But he promised to constitute a small War Committee, three or five in number, to carry on the main business of the war, while referring new departures and large changes of policy to the whole Cabinet. There was also to be more co-ordination between the staffs of the Allied Powers, and a more regular interchange between the Cabinet and the staffs of the War Office, Admiralty, and Foreign Office. He defended himself and the Government from sloth, indifference, self-complacency, unwillingness to face facts, or to conceal them, and declared proudly that he would never surrender his task as long as he had the confidence of his King, the country, and the House of Commons.

THE Prime Minister's treatment of the financial situation was serious. While the country was importing goods in excess of our exports to the extent of over £30,000,000 a month, it had lent the Allies £423,000,000 in a single year. This was a burden only to be sustained by strict public and individual economy. The cost of the soldier alone was between £250 and £300 a head. But while we must cut our coat according to our cloth, our position was much better than Germany's, where consumption was travelling far in excess of the power to produce or to import.

AS the Prime Minister's peroration has been generally misquoted in the press, our readers may be interested to read it as it appears in the Parliamentary Debates:—

"If there be moments such as come to all of us when we are tempted to be faint-hearted, let us ask ourselves: What year in our history has done more to justify our faith in the manhood and the womanhood of our people? It has brought us, as we cannot at this

moment forget, the imperishable story of the last hours of Edith Cavell, facing a worse ordeal than the battlefield—the moments creeping on slowly and remorselessly and death already swallowed up in victory. She has taught the bravest man amongst us a supreme lesson of courage. Yes, Sir, and in this United Kingdom, and throughout the Dominions of the Crown, there are thousands of such women, but a year ago we did not know it. We have great traditions, but a nation cannot exist by traditions alone. Thank God, we have living examples of all the qualities which have built up and sustained our Empire! Let us be worthy of them, and endure to the end."

SIR EDWARD CARSON'S speech was able and bold, but indiscreet. He declared the Dardanelles Expedition to be a series of miscalculations, owing to the fact that a large Cabinet could never make up its mind. He deplored the depletion of the War Staff, called for a smaller Cabinet, and said bluntly that we had broken, or dallied, with Sir Edward Grey's pledge to come to the help of Serbia. He finally read his resignation letter to the Prime Minister, which revealed the damning fact that he was in favor of the coercion of Greece, as well as an expedition to Salonika and a withdrawal from Gallipoli. The other important speeches of the debate were Mr. Redmond's strong plea for continued unity in the Government and the country, and the abandonment of conscription, coupled with a scathing rebuke of the censorship for its treatment of the deeds of Irish regiments in Gallipoli; and Sir Edward Grey's denial that any delay had taken place in sending troops to Salonika.

THE Balkans have once more provided a dramatic surprise. M. Venezelos, who at first held his hand and refrained from using his numerical power in the Chamber, decided this week that the moment for action had come. He challenged the Zaimis Ministry to a decisive vote, and overthrew it by a majority of thirty-three. Greece is nominally a Parliamentary country, and M. Zaimis has resigned, as propriety required. It is too soon to speculate on the consequences of this sudden and un hoped for change, though the probability is, we fear, that the King will again play for delay, by appointing a stop-gap Premier or dissolving the Chamber. The correct constitutional course is clear. M. Venezelos would return to power, and carry out the plain dictates of honor by declaring war on Bulgaria, as the Treaty of 1913 requires. If that should happen, Roumania might also be moved to intervention, and the whole Balkan situation would be transformed.

It remains to be seen what the King will do. M. Venezelos has carried the country, and he has kept the Chamber. He has the certainty of Franco-British support behind him. But King Constantine has a will of his own. He has already twice dismissed M. Venezelos, and shown that he is not afraid to govern without a Parliament, or to thwart the people's will by artificial delays. A man of elementary mind, he none the less possesses great self-confidence, and his easy victories in the Balkan Wars made him immensely popular. He has with him the Court, the higher officers, the purchased pro-German press, the Jews and Turks of Salonika, and whatever else in Greece is craven or corrupt. It is said that he has given his royal word to the Kaiser to keep Greece neutral, and since he is the real as well as the titular head of the army, his personal position is difficult, perhaps impossible. In the last resort the choice before M. Venezelos may lie between a third defeat and a *coup d'état*. Delay means in such conditions defeat, and a few

days or hours must decide everything. M. Venezelos is a Cretan who has led open rebellions not only against the Turks but against King Constantine's brother, Prince George. He is not the man to flinch, if he really has the country and the army with him, as he almost certainly has.

GENERAL JOFFRE visited London towards the end of last week, and had a number of important conferences with Lord Kitchener and members of the Cabinet. He was accompanied by several members of the French General Staff, and his visit resulted in agreement as to our mode of action in the Balkans. What this is to be we have no means of knowing, and it would hardly be advisable for us to say even if we did. But it is reasonable to infer that it involves a speeding-up of efforts on behalf of Serbia, and this itself is a sufficiently sure indication that the Allies, and particularly the French, who are better fitted to judge, do not regard the Serbian position as beyond redemption. Indeed, if *moral* be any augury, such a nation as the Serbs cannot fall. Accounts published in the "Secolo" show that their spirit is still undaunted, and that their retreat is made under the compulsion of a vast accumulation of artillery and machine guns.

BUT the enemy is pressing forward without any pause, even if slowly. It is remarkable that under attacks from west, north, and east, the Serbs are still competent to offer so sturdy a resistance in the Morava Valley. It was probably the advance in this direction which forced the Serbs to abandon Kragujevatz, their most important arsenal. The Bulgarians are hammering at their right flank, and have apparently forced the bridgehead of Svrlijig, and have penetrated to within ten miles of Nish, the temporary capital, which, it is stated, has now been removed to Mitrovitz. But to the east, the Bulgarians have received a severe check in the Nishava Valley. The Bulgarian operations are much more threatening than those of the Austro-Germans, as their advance towards the south-west is searching round the Serbian rear. It has thrown a line about Uskub which almost reaches Kalkandelen on the north and Isvar and Krivolak on the south. That, however, is, so far, the limit of their Macedonian success. The attempts to move upon Monastir have been checked by the arrival of Allied troops. The report speaks of British cavalry as far west as Ochrida, on the Albanian frontier. With the help of these reinforcements the Serbs have been enabled to hold up the advance upon Prilep and drive the Bulgars back to Isvar. The resulting position seems to be that the Bulgarian threat to the rear of the Serbian army is, at any rate for the moment, checked.

THERE is some evidence that it may even yet be countered. General Sarrail, who is in command of the Allies, is a bold and experienced leader, and, therefore, it is legitimate to assume that his hold upon the Krivolak-Strumnitza region is secure. But if this be the case, the position of these Bulgarian raids towards the west may become difficult for the invaders. If the Allies' forces are being swelled as rapidly as they seem to be, General Sarrail is certainly not the man to keep them idle, and a move up the Struma Valley would place the Bulgars in jeopardy. There have been reports of an Allied landing at Kavala, and there have been repeated accounts of the movement of Russians towards Bulgaria. The latest reports speak of a Russian concentration at Reni, a town on the Bessarabian side of the Danube. If Roumania were to join the Allies this would be a convenient avenue of approach to Bulgaria.

The position in the West has undergone a slight change. While the Commander-in-Chief was visiting London, the Germans, after an artillery preparation and a rain of suffocating bombs which had lasted some days, attacked on October 30th in great force both sides of the salient of the Butte de Tahure. The attack was pressed over a front extending from Hill 193, west of the Butte de Tahure, to the dent which the Courtine makes in the new French line. Important masses of infantry, for the most part recently withdrawn from the Russian Front, advanced over this area, and in spite of heavy loss, succeeded in retaking the important summit of the Tahure Hill. Everywhere else they were unsuccessful. Another attack, a few days later, secured part of a front line trench south of the Chaussons Farm, further east. These were part of a series of counter-attacks which have proceeded with little cessation since the French advance on September 25th. The German losses in these repeated attacks must have been great, and the smallness of the gain cannot be thought an adequate compensation.

* * *

On the Russian Front what movement has taken place has resulted favorably to our Allies. The critical section between Riga and Dwinsk is settling down, in spite of the accumulation of German troops against the extreme north-west of the Russian line, where it rests upon the southern shores of the Gulf of Riga. It is even reported that the Germans are preparing to take up winter quarters. General Ruzsky seems resolved to allow them no rest, and the Germans admit a retreat between the Sventen and Ilkan lakes. There is also movement on the Oginski Canal front, further south, and the Tchartorysk region is still the centre of a fierce struggle. Still further south, General Bothmer's troops have met with a sharp reverse. After a heavy bombardment, they rushed the village of Siemikavice, to the south-west of Tarnopol. By a clever tactical manœuvre the Russian counter-attack succeeded in cutting off the 5,000 Germans and Austrians who had conducted the advance. The area is still the scene of violent fighting; but Ivanoff seems to have the situation better in hand than any other sector of the Russian front.

* * *

M. BRIAND's new Cabinet has received from the Chamber a unanimous vote of confidence. It could hardly have been otherwise. A Council of Elder Statesmen which rallies every shade of opinion, from the Royalist Cochin to the Marxist Guesde, offers no point to dissension. M. Briand's eloquent speech revealed no change whatever in the policy of France in her conduct of the war. Particularly notable was his pledge to Belgium and Serbia, "the peoples who have been martyred for us," and his declaration against "a petty, mean, and egoistic peace" was true to the chivalrous French tradition, but there would be "no room," he declared, "for tyranny in the thoughts of France." The real significance of the change of Government is to be sought rather in M. Briand's promise to co-operate loyally with the Chamber, to trust the country, "which had shown itself worthy of hearing the truth," and to reform the censorship of the Press. M. Viviani fell because he had not contrived to work with those admirable organs of democratic control, the Budget Committees of the Chamber. That was probably rather the fault of MM. Delcassé and Millerand than his own, and their departure means more than the entry of the new men.

The French practice in this war has reversed our own. The Press is muzzled, but the Chamber has retained a real independence and authority.

* * *

A DESPATCH from Sir John French, describing the September offensive, was issued on Monday night. The action was concerted with General Joffre, and was carried out by the First and Fourth Corps, in co-operation with the Tenth French Army. The British, although the French action was delayed, began at 6.30 a.m., and were, at the first, extremely successful, the 47th (London Territorial) Division, and the 15th Scottish Division of the new Army winning great praise. The Scots, in little more than an hour, had occupied Loos, Fosse 14 bis, Hill 70, and swept through to Cité St. Auguste, a mile farther east. Here there seems to have occurred the same sort of pause which robbed Neuve Chapelle of the fullness of victory. The First Division, on the left of the Scots, was held up, and the enemy was given five hours to collect his reserves and deliver the inevitable counter-attack, which re-took much of what the first fine rush had carried.

* * *

On the following day an attempt to take Hulloch and the eastern slope of Hill 70 was forestalled by a strong German offensive. Reports as to what actually occurred, Sir John says, are "very conflicting," an admission which seems to need no emphasis. Moltke was able to receive complete accounts from his Staff on the morrow of his hardest fights. The effect of this day's struggle was to leave a German salient between Hulloch and Hill 70, a position which the Guards' Division, on the afternoon of the 27th, readjusted. They drove the Germans off the summit of Hill 70, and the despatch has no reference to how it was again lost. It seems to have been lost during the time the French were holding this section of the new line, since Sir John French asked that it should be taken over by them, as their advance did not afford sufficient protection to the British right flank. Gas was used by the British in the advance, "with marked success," the report states.

* * *

LORD MORLEY, the greatest living journalist, made a strong plea, in the House of Lords on Wednesday, for a relaxation of the censorship, save in cases where the publication of news was likely to prejudice operations of war. That it goes far beyond this the Lord Chancellor admitted when he said that our censors excluded German wireless news when they did not think it was true, because of the effect it would have on the neutral countries in which it had already appeared! Lord Morley insisted that our Press was losing its character for trustworthiness, denied the need for a drastic censorship in face of the loyalty and discretion of the Press, and said, satirically, that the order seemed to be to keep the barometer nailed to "set fair," whatever the winds and the waves might be doing. He quoted an admission of the Censor that a piece of news was cut out not because it was untrue but because it might weaken the Executive Government, while newspapers were not even allowed to indicate by asterisks that certain passages had been omitted. Lord Morley quoted, approvingly, Lord Milner's saying that truth is the most fortifying thing in the world, and concluded by calling for an inquiry into the Dardanelles Expedition—a demand which the Government cannot, in our view, refuse. We are sorry to see that the Lord Chancellor threatened an extension of the censorship to newspaper attacks on individual Ministers.

Politics and Affairs.

THE MEANS OF VICTORY.

MR. ASQUITH'S speech on Tuesday carries the material results that might reasonably have been expected of it. There is no alternative Prime Minister. There is no alternative Government. There will be no conscription. A great body of speculation is thus blown down the wind. The nation, with its reserve of good sense, will never bargain away something for nothing. Prime Ministers are not to be had for the asking, and we may incidentally remark that Sir Edward Carson's speech, able and interesting as it was, writes him off even the "Times'" list of *proxime accessits*. We discern no stir of opinion, inside the House or out of it, which moves either towards the lesser disturbance of a change of Government or the greater disturbance of a General Election. The last issue follows, in our view, as a consequence of its predecessors. Mr. Asquith defines his attitude to conscription to be that of the seeker for victory. As the head of the Executive force, he takes the position that in the course of a struggle for Imperial existence, he will "stick at" no means of ensuring it. So be it. But if all things are lawful, all are not expedient. Mr. Asquith defines the unity of the nation to be an essential means of attaining the supreme end, and he declares his view that conscription cannot be adopted without a measure of "general consent." The test, taken with the specific conditions attached to it, seems to us to be conclusive. No such "general consent" as Mr. Asquith propounds is attainable. With the mass of the work-people the question of free enlistment is not a matter of expediency, but of principle. Their attitude to it is determined by their feeling that conscription would shatter their economic force, while it deprives them of the one power which, however slighted in the actual course of our policy, does determine the fate of a great foreign war. This choice they exercised last year. Had they been hostile to the momentous decision of August, 1914, or reluctant to endorse it, had they deemed our entrance into the war to be an unjust or an unnecessary act, the armies that hold the field on the Western and Eastern fronts could not have been raised. It is not likely that in view of the immensity of the sacrifice they have laid on the altar, they will quit the privileged position they occupy among the democracies of Europe. That sacrifice continues. If we take a reasonable view of the make-up of our society, it is true to say that the whole British world is volunteering. That does not, of course, mean that all the world is going soldiering. The Prime Minister made a fair list of deductions from the "reservoir" of possible soldiers who will flow through the siftings of Lord Derby's scheme. They consist of workers at (a) munitions, in (b) industries "essential to the life of our country," and (c) in industries "essential to the maintenance of our exports." The exceptions thus enumerated are all important, but the last has the special consequence that upon it hinges the management of the war and of the Entente.

This will at once appear when we recall Mr. Montagu's estimate of the human equivalent of our financial engagements to our Allies. It meant, said Mr. Montagu, that we were keeping three million Allied soldiers in the field; in other words, that our total contribution of men to the war, direct and indirect, was nearly six millions. Mr. Asquith placed the cost of each British soldier at the really alarming figure of £250 to £300. It is certain that the cost of each Russian, French, and Italian soldier stands at an appreciably lower figure, and we may add that in each of these countries there exists a more efficient mould than we possess for training recruits into more or less efficient members of armies in the field. Therefore, when we have reached a certain point of financial strain, no mere enrolment of men in khaki, however useful as a demonstration, represents an actual net addition to the anti-German armies. It rather stands for a subtraction from them, because each of our greater Allies maintains its soldiers more cheaply than we, and can thus enlist a greater number of them. The point is vital. The conscriptionist doubtless aims at Mr. Arthur Lee's ideal of British soldiers on the cheap. But as no Government, present or to come, dare propose such a measure, we need not take it into consideration. If we dismiss this shabby design, and if an unmeasured enlistment proceeds on the existing lines, we are advancing to the fatal hour when we shall have so many soldiers in training, and so few sovereigns to pay for them and for our contribution to the sustenance of the armed forces of our Allies, as to dislocate and disarm the Entente.

We gather, therefore, that the Prime Minister has no such impoverishment of the nation in view. Neither, we are bound to say, does he contemplate so gross a handling of the Derby scheme as the "Manchester Guardian" seems to attribute to him. That scheme, observes this usually careful paper, is, in Mr. Asquith's eyes, to be judged a "failure" unless it secures the enlistment of "nearly every unmarried man of military age" not otherwise required. Lord Derby's plan will doubtless be "judged a failure" by every statesman and every newspaper that wishes it to fail, though among them we should be sorry to reckon the "Manchester Guardian." But Mr. Asquith proposed no such test as is imputed to him. He declared his firm belief in the success of Lord Derby's appeal. He interposed, as we have said, the general condition that conscription could only come as a matter of "general consent." He further enumerated a list of special exceptions to any scheme of enlistment based on the indispensable industrial and financial needs of the country, and on our engagements to our Allies. Finally, he spoke of a "substantial number" of refusals by unmarried men of military age—disclosed after "the whole of this machinery has been in operation"—as alone likely to convert the country's present absence of consent to conscription into acquiescence in it. What other standard is possible? Does the "Manchester Guardian" propose to put the country on the rack for the sake of a few score thousand "slackers" after accumulating forces whom it will take months to train and equip? We do not know

what vision of the war lies behind this wildness. We are certain that it points in any direction but victory.

It is because we think it essential for the nation to be calmly and wisely directed that we hope the Government will be maintained in power. But a generous imagination and trustful dealing is of the essence of confidence in States no less than in individuals. We welcome the more open attitude of the Prime Minister's speech. His proposal of a small Executive War Committee of three or five members is of obvious convenience. This is no Cabinet within a Cabinet, and therefore it involves no breach with the Constitution. But the value of such a body as an organ of war depends on its regular reception of authoritative counsels and reports from the best minds the Navy and the Army can furnish. We cannot perceive that any such advice lay behind the decision to attempt the passage of the Dardanelles with a naval force. Mr. Asquith, always a chivalrous chief, takes full responsibility for this action, and he also claims the existence of expert opinion in its favor. But it admittedly ran counter to Lord Fisher's advice, and therefore, we presume, to the considered view of the Admiralty as to the possibility of a naval attack unsupported by troops. But the question remains how and by whom this powerful obstacle was overthrown. It could hardly have been by the Cabinet, for, if we read the Prime Minister's words aright, they only suggest its approval on the eve of the actual attack. Who could it have been but Mr. Churchill? What other authority could be placed in competition with Lord Fisher's objections, even though they failed for some reason or another to obtain formal expression? If Mr. Churchill was not the true and prime author, we fail to understand his retirement from the Admiralty to a post without serious administrative duties. And if he was, we think that the country has a right to call for his resignation from the Ministry itself. It is not merely a question of atonement even for the most tragic kind of error. It is a question of the future direction of the war, and that, in turn, depends on a wise correlation of political and military forces, and a sound choice of the personalities who direct them.

THE DECISION OF THE FLEET.

A MAP of the world to-day exhibits a world at war. Four continents would be colored black as supplying combatants or in jeopardy. In Europe—*Cette vieille Europe*, as Napoleon called it—the conflict is so desperate, and along so many lines of furious violence, that, listening, you can almost hear from anywhere the boom of the guns, the tramp of armed men, the cries of the wounded, the answering silence of the dead. Millions of men have gone down into darkness. Millions more may be destined to follow them. The lines sway, now backwards, now forwards, and he would be a bold man who would definitely declare what would be the ultimate result of this world battle. "Somewhere in the British Islands," or its surrounding seas there is a place which in the largest scale map of the arena of war would not occupy more

than a minute fraction of a pin's head. A few thousand men—less in total numbers than the casualties of a normal land attack—there rest quietly on strange machines wrought of steel and iron, all of which could be packed into a few square miles. But these men and machines are the Grand Fleet of the British Empire. And the contents of this fraction of a pin's head will decide the war, with the end coming perhaps to-day, perhaps to-morrow; but with the end assured.

If our enemies could only obtain, as a gift of the gods they worship, some earthquake or volcanic or frightful natural upheaval, how inevitable would be their choice! Not London, the heart of Empire; not the millions who hold the line from East to West; but just this tiny spot in the ocean where a commander, always watchful, controls machines the fear of which keeps the German fleet in hiding behind booms and protective mines, and whose existence gives the freedom of the ocean, not only to the armed forces of ourselves and our Allies, but to the peaceful plying of the commerce of all the merchantmen of the world—except those of our enemies. The German flag flies nowhere in the seven seas. The German merchantmen and great liners have been banished from them like a dream when one awaketh. The whole gigantic oversea trade which Germany has built up with so much care and pride—trade which is vital to the welfare of her people, destruction of which means gigantic misery and ruin—has fallen like a great house to the ground. The few German warships which existed outside Germany when war began have been hunted down, and lie, for the most part, deeper than ever plummet's sounding in the abysses of alien oceans. The great German ports, once the scenes of busy life, repose like cities of the dead. The great German mercantile sea lords proclaim their bankruptcy. A few merchants and *commis voyageurs*, stranded at Monte Video or Yokohama, wait vainly for the ship that will never come, and the order that will never be executed. The British Navy is the one instrument, on either side of conflict, which has performed its work with complete and unchallengeable success. It has broken, as by a sudden hammer-blow, the whole of Germany that lived upon and trafficked in deep waters. It has rendered the German High Sea Fleet as innocuous in its hiding-place as if it had never existed—as if the three hundred million pounds spent in its construction had been thrown carelessly into the German Ocean. And slowly but surely, without ostentation or boasting, like the slaying of a man in the darkness by an unseen hand, it has laid its grip on the throat of Germany, never henceforth to be relaxed until the end comes. The victim may struggle, lash out with hands and feet, writhe in agony, and in its struggles damage all surrounding things; but despite the struggles the grip will remain secure, the pressure continued and intensified. And it is all dependent on some tiny aggregate of ships and men "somewhere in the British Isles."

The long controversy between Admiral Mahan and his critics, passing from theory to practice, seems likely to end in a vindication of his contentions more complete than even he had dared to anticipate. The boldness of Mr. Balfour's acute and critical mind in acceptance of the theories of the "Blue-water

School" against the protests of Lord Roberts and many less distinguished followers, has been more than justified. The only anxiety and the only loss have come from the introduction of a weapon, in a sense, detached from and independent of sea-power—the submarine, whose existence and action at one time caused dismay amongst the fainthearted. That dismay is now nearly over. The ingenuity of the Navy and its normal efficiency and courage have rendered this invention in the hands of our enemies comparatively innocuous. It never could even attempt to raise the sea blockade of Germany. It had no success in home waters, either in attack on capital ships or interference with the transport of men and munitions of war. To-day, while the best of the German submarines and their most adventurous crews lie rotting on the floors of the ocean, this new weapon has itself been turned by the Royal Navy against our enemies. And in enclosed inland seas where, before the war, no man ever dreamed that such queer craft could penetrate—the Baltic and Marmora—British submarines are performing deeds which are the wonder of the world.

Nothing is more instructive than to watch the gradual change in the verdict of the German experts in the German papers during fifteen months of naval war. At first they were exultant in the affirmation that Britain had been struck a blow in the vulnerable place of her armor. They rejoiced over the "Emden" making terror of the Indian Ocean, over the German Pacific fleet destroying British ships under the shadow of the Andes at the close of a stormy winter day; in the various destructions committed by armed merchantmen or light cruisers in the various trade routes of the world. As one by one these disappeared, and, finally, by a daring combination of strategy and effective seamanship, the German Pacific fleet was battered to pieces off the Falkland Islands, they closed that chapter with a sigh of regret. In the second chapter, they fought desperately to encourage the spirit of their peoples by talking of little but of their "gallant submarines." It is not too much to say that the loss of the "Lusitania" caused universal applause in every German city and hamlet. And this, not from any special delight in the slaughter of women and children, but because they had promised to do a thing, and had done it successfully; because they saw in vision, one after another, each British Dreadnought succumbing to the same attack. Lastly, came the period when even the pretence of this success could no longer be maintained. The terrified islanders could no longer be depicted as cowering in fear before the might of instruments of the air or of the deep. The blockade closed in, and as it tightened, there began to be exhausted the accumulated stocks of oversea produce which at first made that blockade only felt (as it were) as a slight tickling at the throat which a strong man could disregard. The sanest of the German naval experts, such as Captain Perseus, now openly declare that the decision on the sea is settled, and in favor of England. They acknowledge that the Allied Fleets were not only at the beginning vastly stronger than those of Germany, but that every day increases that disproportion of strength. The immense effort of Clyde and Wear and Tyne is

creating a new Navy, and doubling the strength of our sea-power. So much is this true that they have even begun to instruct their readers in the theory that sea-power does not much matter—these readers having spent three hundred millions on the theory that "the future of Germany lies on the water." They announce that they will counter the sea blockade with an immense land adventure, and fling their forces to the Persian Gulf or the borders of Arabia, or along North Africa to Morocco and the Pillars of Hercules. But wherever they go, they will find the sea dominant and the "terrified islanders" countering their efforts, barring their only practicable way to Syria or from Syria to Egypt, transporting armed forces whither they will, from Archangel to the Persian Gulf.

All the while the oversea products on which depend the German vital forces steadily decline. Rubber is unobtainable. Copper and similar metals have to be dismally accumulated by scrapping private houses or melting down church bells. Their cotton industry and wool industry for civil supply have almost ceased, and even for military equipment are proving steadily insufficient; while the price of the vital articles of food has risen to such a height as to cause rioting, recrimination between class and class, and, amidst masses of the women and children left behind in the towns, discontent and despair. If already this internal cancer is developing, how much it is likely to develop during the winter cold and the coming of spring! Sooner or later the Central Powers will be in the position of the South in America. This increasing chaos and confusion, demonstrations of hunger, degeneration amongst the spirit of the people, and strangulation which, as it increases, will plunge Germany headlong into such ruin as no civilized nation has ever yet suffered, are due in the main to the efficiency, determination, and untiring vigilance of those who, guarding the gates of all the oceans, to-day can still signal, "All's well!"

WANTED, A WAR STAFF.

THE paramount need of the moment is that in every department of state, and most of all in that which regards the war, we should substitute direction for drift. Direction involves foresight and control; drift implies no exercise of intelligence whatever. The war has dragged on until we are fast approaching a point when we shall be the first military Power in the world. Our Navy is more than ever superior to any other, and what with the wastage of the belligerents and our abnormal recruiting efforts, we shall have with the colors shortly an army very little inferior numerically to any at present available. This apparently inevitable development has taken place beyond our expectation, and largely beyond our will. Our Navy was meant to be our chief weapon; but while its work bulks more and more largely as the deciding factor in the overthrow of Germany, its function tends increasingly to be dwarfed by this huge improvised Army. We have grave doubts as to whether this development has been wise. But it is necessary to say that, so far as we know, no attempt

has been made to correlate and economize our gigantic military effort. Indeed, the very facility with which the huge armies have been accumulated has, like the easiness of our financial condition, tended to encourage spend-thrift habits. There has been a certain lack of mind at work directing our numerous campaigns. How otherwise can we think of the Dardanelles campaign? How otherwise can we understand the experimentation of a former First Lord on a problem which the expert had regarded as solved? How otherwise can we understand ourselves drifting, coaxed, and pushed into the new Balkan adventure? All these things point to the need of a great war staff.

One of the great achievements of Lord Haldane was the creation of a General Staff in September, 1906. It was founded without slavish imitation on the Prussian model and suited to our Constitutional system. Its establishment comprised at Headquarters some 60 officers engaged in the departments for military operations, staff duties, and military training, and in commands and districts 114 other officers. In time of peace the duties of the General Staff comprised the collection of information, the observation of the scientific and material progress in the world with a view to the direction in which they modified and changed military operations, and the study of possible theatres of war. Upon these materials plans of campaigns could be formulated. These functions, it is evident, must have been carried out in some way even before the creation of a General Staff. Of course, when wars took on a more modest color, the Commander-in-Chief was able to control the detail as well as the general drift of the battle. Indeed, the general usually made his plan, and gave his orders in detail. Even Napoleon asked not for help, but for obedience. But at this time there was already growing up in the Prussian system the idea of specialization and separation of function, which formed the nucleus of Moltke's General Staff. In the first years of the nineteenth century, Scharnhorst embodied the idea of the preparation of strategical plans in the functions of the staff, and laid the foundation of that perfection of staff work in the field which has gained for the Germans their successes in the present war. In our own Army the makeshift method survived even up to the Boer War. The staff had much administrative work upon its shoulders, and the generals distributed the different functions very much as they wished.

During the present war we seem to have fallen back to this primitive stage in the evolution of the Staff. We do not speak of the Staff of Sir John French. On the outbreak of war the General Staff's place seemed to be more fittingly in the field. That is, of course, its one true centre in time of war; but there must be a considerable latitude in the interpretation of the term "field." The German General Staff cannot be in the field on the Eastern front and in the field on the Western front at the same time. The place for the General Staff can, therefore, only be described in general terms as that position from which the needs of the various campaigns can be most rapidly appreciated and general directions be issued with the greatest despatch. In our case, many factors conspire to make this London. It

is the nerve-centre of our vast Empire, and it is the only place where decisions which may involve the gravest issues can receive that sanction from the national executive which a democracy demands. France is but one of the theatres in which we are fighting, though we make a serious mistake if we treat it as anything but the chief and main theatre. But the fact that our soldiers are engaged upon other fields means that there must be a brain to think for all. We have campaigns in Africa, Mesopotamia, the Dardanelles, and the Balkans. If we had had an efficient General Staff, the Balkan situation might never have arisen. The Dardanelles campaign would have been visualized at latest on the entry of Turkey into the war, careful plans would have been drawn up, and the position might have been carried in November. Equally precise studies would have been made on the possibility of the present Balkan situation arising, the exact amount of force required would have been estimated, and all the details thought out for its accumulation at the best place of concentration. Instead of this, our war organization at home seems at the outbreak of war to have fallen back upon the most primitive methods. Everything fell practically upon one man, and the inevitable result has been that we have lived from hand to mouth. It is time to change all this and to think ahead. We require a War Staff.

There are few, if any, of our war problems which do not involve the Navy—which is, and must remain, the capital element in the decision of the war. Our communications are on the sea, and they could not retain their security and efficiency one moment if the Navy ceased to be the splendid machine it is. Many of our war plans involve the Navy even more directly. The Dardanelles is in its nature an amphibious campaign. On the best conditions the smaller units of the Navy would be required to deal with the submarines in order to ensure the safety of transports and supplies, and until we take out a sufficiency of heavy siege guns our larger units must continue to waste their direct fire for the sake of the tiny percentage of effective help. Our war problem is, then, inevitably dual, even if we neglect for a moment the question which must often arise: Are we making the best use of our Navy? Could we not land here or there? The War Staff should therefore comprise naval officers as well as military officers. Indeed, it is a problem that might fittingly exercise the brains of our best strategists whether the highest co-operation of these different elements of armed force is even yet within sight. The Navy has an efficient staff, and could place its representatives upon the War Staff. The military representatives—about equal in number, say—should comprise the chief of the General Staff, as well as the directors of his three departments. As chairman, there should be secured a first-rate soldier, failing the only civilian who has in recent years grasped the elements of war organization; but he should not be a politician. Some such organization is essential, and the sooner it is created the better for ourselves and the Allies generally. It would fulfil the functions of a General Staff, advising the executive chiefs of the Services, and, on their consent, setting the whole

machinery to work. It would not supersede the two General Staffs any more than the chief of the General Staff supersedes his departments; but it would require to harmonize the two elements of our force and to see that they were most usefully employed severally and together.

The military General Staff must be re-created. A recent appointment seems to suggest that it has been reformed already; but as the chief of the General Staff is the first military member of the Army Council, it is not clear whether Sir Archibald J. Murray, a former director of military training, is appointed *qua* first military member or *qua* chief of the Imperial General Staff. The point of this is that it is a General Staff that is required and not a sort of Berthier. Napoleon's chiefs of Staffs were secretaries or clerks. The General Staff and its departments were never more imperatively necessary than at this moment. The Department for Military Operations should be re-created to foresee and plan for all contingencies. It must have a certain political outlook about it, since the Balkan situation was at first, even if it is not still, dominantly a political question. The German Staff must have been singularly active and efficient to have devised and planned the Balkan attack. The department of the Director of Staff Duties, with its supervision and control of the higher training of officers, is a critical need of the moment. What we have gained in this war, we have gained through extraordinary courage and the merits of an initial plan. But we have never yet won the end visualized; we have never yet finally won what we had virtually won. Neuve Chapelle and the May operations would have meant Lille, the recent offensive would have meant Lens or La Bassée or both, if the staff had retained activity of mind and command of the situation during the progress of the action. Sir John French's despatch suggests that no general direction of forces was preserved when the action had once been launched. Even Scharnhorst insisted on *initiative*, and that was the first result of his circulation of staff officers. Moltke carried it even farther, so that to-day the German Staff has not only permeated every limb of the army with a uniform doctrine, but has impressed upon every unit the necessity of initiative. Would it not be possible to call the brigadiers to the headquarters of the Staff when their brigades are withdrawn to refit? At any rate, the training of Staff officers is the work of this department, and it most certainly is absolutely necessary that the splendid troops we are putting into the field should secure the fruit of their courage and dash. The Director of Military training is also a most important officer.

There is the objection that the best officers should be in the field. As to that, we must point out that the direction of the whole is more important than the direction of its parts, even should a careful management of the General Staff somewhat narrow the choice of officers to command in the field. And now that we are making an army in the act of using it, the need for a General Staff is greater than ever. Unless we are to drift to a stalemate or to a too costly victory, we require a War Staff as efficient and as active as it is within our competence to make it.

THE FINANCIAL PUZZLE OF THE WAR.

It is not easy to understand how it is possible for this country to support the enormous expenses of this war with so little apparent distress among our population and so little curtailment of our ordinary standards of living. Taking the estimated public expenditure for the current year at a rough figure of 1,500 millions, to be raised for next year to at least 1,800 millions, it appears incredible that a nation whose highest pre-war income amounted to some 2,300 millions should be able to find even the smaller of the two amounts without efforts far more strenuous and painful than are actually experienced. In an interesting letter published in our columns a few weeks ago, Mr. Pethick Lawrence brought out some considerations that help us to understand the problem. In the first place, there is reason to believe that the money income of the nation, as distinct from its "real" income, is larger than it was before the war. For all separate elements of income are got by distributing the money-prices paid for goods and services among the owners of the factors of production, the capitalist-employers, the workers, landowners, &c. If, therefore, prices rise, not as a result of shortage of supply but of an increase in the volume of purchasing power, money incomes also rise. Now a large part of the current rise of prices is certainly due to the inflation of our currency, partly from the issue of partly-covered Treasury Notes, but chiefly from purchasing power furnished to the Government by the banks in the shape of War Loans and the purchase of Treasury Bills. This inflation explains a large part of the 40 per cent. rise in food prices and of the rise in the price of clothing, fuel, housing, and other commodities. It co-operates in this upward movement with the rise of wage-rates in most occupations, a rise which is partly cause, partly effect, of the higher prices. It is, of course, notorious that the incomes of large numbers of the working classes and of tradesmen in the great industrial centres are larger than before, and that profits are higher and rents are rising. After due account is taken for falling incomes in the better-class luxury trades and among the professions (with the exception of the medical), it may reasonably be held that the aggregate money income of the nation has risen, say, from 2,300 to 2,600 millions. But this, it may be said, surely assumes that the real income—the rate of production—is not seriously diminished by the enlistment for the war of more than two million able-bodied adult males. We believe this assumption to be sound. Probably one-third at least of the enlisted men have been taken from the non-employed and the over-peopled distribution trades. For the rest, as regards the output of material products, it is probable that the absorption of unemployed men, increased employment of women, older men, and young persons, voluntary labor, the use of overtime, and a general speeding-up, are enabling the nation to turn out nearly, if not quite, as much material wealth as before.

Now, if we are entitled to raise our estimate of the national income to some 2,600 millions, it is somewhat less difficult to see how it is possible to support a war costing 1,500 millions. But it is not easy until other aids are taken into account. The largest

of these aids, no doubt, is the contribution, amounting to several hundred millions, made by America in payment for the sale of securities, by loan and advances on credit. To this extent we have been able to live upon our capital, always a precarious proceeding, and not less so when the borrowing depends so largely upon the goodwill of a single neutral nation, which might be withdrawn by one of those subsidiary quarrels which war so easily evokes. But the purchases of securities and advances by the United States have been an indispensable factor in enabling us to pay our share of the war and to finance our Allies. The revenue thus available for the costs of war is larger than at first appears.

The net expenditure on the war is also somewhat smaller than at first appears, so far as its effect upon the standards of consumption of the people is concerned. For if, as we suggest, over two million males have been removed from a civil population whose total productivity is not appreciably reduced, the real income per head of the population that remains is larger than before. This enlarged real income will thus admit a certain deduction by tax or borrowing for the support of the Army without damage to the civil standard of consumption. Putting the matter in a slightly different way, we think that as the two million enlisted men would probably have consumed on an average £50 a head if left in civil life, a deduction of 100 millions can be made on their account from the net financial burden of the war. Again, we were informed a fortnight ago in Parliament that the allowances for soldiers' dependents cost about two millions a week. If so, another 100 millions can be taken off the burden, since this sum and the goods it represents return to the support of the civil population. Some writers, we perceive, are disposed to go much further, and contend that all the money expended by the War Office inside this country in demand for goods and services similarly reduces the cost of the war. But this is evidently false reasoning. The cost of all munitions and other requisites of the war itself, including the £175 per man which is the estimated excess of keeping a man as a fighter over his cost as an ordinary consumer, involves a genuine loss of consuming power to the nation. But the 100 millions, representing the normal keep of the soldiers had they remained in civil life, *plus* the 100 millions of dependents' pay, are real alleviations of the national burden. To these must be added that increase of the national expenditure which consists in the payment of interest on the new War Loans and advances. For that sum—not much less than 75 millions—though it has to be raised by taxation and is an added burden to the taxpayer as such, does not reduce the money or real income of the nation as a whole. It is simply a transfer of spending power from the whole body of taxpayers to a section of their number. If in the future taxation is shifted more on to the shoulders of the investing or lending classes, they will be made to pay themselves their own interest. Until this takes place, the growing burden of indebtedness which this war brings will inflict grave injury upon the poorer bodies of taxpayers. At present, however, the weight of this, as of the other burdens of the war, is

sensibly lightened for the working-classes by the evident fact that the general economic effect of the war has been to alter the balance of distribution of wealth in favor of the wage-earners. Notwithstanding the high war-profits obtained by employers and by shareholders in many businesses, there can be little doubt that wages, with overtime and war bonuses, and supplemented by dependents' allowances and pensions, have placed in the hands of the working-classes a larger proportion of the monetary and real income of the nation. It is even probable that the aggregate real income of the workers from all sources is larger than before the war, in spite of the 40 per cent. rise in retail prices. We hasten to add that this economy probably represents a considerable addition to the hours of labor and the burden of toil, and is involving grave damage to health, education, and other vitally important matters. After the war is over, most of the economic and other forces which have brought about this distribution favorable to labor will be reversed. But, while the war lasts, it should be recognized that this more equable distribution of income assists the nation materially to bear the cost of the war.

By such considerations we can perceive that it is possible for our nation to defray out of its enlarged money income, supplemented by liberal aid from the United States, an expenditure of 1,500 millions, several hundred millions of which come back in kind to the nation. But the constantly growing difficulty of dealing with the balance of our foreign trade shows that we may approach the breaking point, unless far larger domestic economies can be achieved. The total cost of the war rises month by month. The Treasury has openly announced that it has no real control over the three spending departments, and the House of Commons appears to have abdicated its primary function. This being the case, the nation must prepare henceforth for voluntary or compulsory retrenchment upon a scale of ever-growing severity. For, as with further inflation of the currency, prices rise, the Government will want a corresponding increase of money to make its purchases here and abroad, while the weakening resources of our Allies will make them more exigent in their claims for our financial assistance. Granting, therefore, that we have been able so far to pay our way, by hook or by crook, the hook of taxation and the crook of borrowing, we cannot go on doing so without that radical reduction in our private expenditure which Mr. Montagu tried to impress upon the nation in the only really outspoken statement yet made upon the finance of the war.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

I DID not hear the Prime Minister's speech—is it not curious that the peroration, with its reference to Edith Cavell's death as "swallowed up in victory," was mutilated in all the reports?—but its effect was abundantly related to me by those who did. It was dexterous rather than brilliant, and contained little rhetoric. But the House, which met in an extremely

uneasy, even excited, mood, was obviously tranquillized. The speech pointed, I think, to a partially re-united Cabinet, willing to accept a "formula" on recruiting, and to the success of the Derby scheme, and therefore to an indefinite postponement of conscription (its chief supporters now, I think, discard it as too "dangerous"). No further resignations can follow. The shield has been thrown over Mr. Churchill, and until Lord Morley's demand for an inquiry into the Dardanelles Expedition has been satisfied later on, that gloomy passage of the war remains in shadow. The disappointment was the failure to announce a reinforcement of the General Staff, in other words an end to haphazard inspirations and a beginning of a scientific rule of war.

TILL Sir Edward Carson disclosed his plan for enlisting Greece on the side of the Allies—"We ought to make her afraid of us"—he seemed to be on the path to a new Adullamite leadership. Seldom has the House witnessed such a sudden chill of disillusion as that which fell on the cavemen of both parties—or at any rate on the Liberal section of them—when brought face to face with this sapient alternative to the Grey diplomacy. Another mistake was the half-taunting, half-triumphant manner by which the allusion to Mr. Bonar Law's Cabinet memorandum on the Balkans was pointed. If the purpose was to give a former colleague a bad quarter of a minute it was a successful thrust, but it completed the chilling process. I think members on both sides after watching the exhibition were in sympathy with the spirit of Mr. Redmond's adroit "I told you so." When the Coalition was formed the Nationalist leader warned the Prime Minister against the inclusion of *any* Irish member—a flash of prophetic insight which, oddly enough, was then reflected in Sir Edward Carson's own mental attitude.

THE situation in Germany is so important that I may well transcribe a recent impression by a well-informed neutral. He found the country still resolved "to see the thing through," but no longer enthusiastic. This loss of fervor he attributes to definite and grave causes—the depletion of the reserves (shown by the re-examination of the "permanently unfit," and by a proposal to raise the age limit from 45 to 52), the news of heavy losses, especially from the East, the gradual exhaustion of raw materials, such as copper, the shrinkage in the cotton supply (shown in the reduction of the working hours in the textile factories), and, above all, the failure of food supplies. Of cereals there are enough for human food, but not for cattle-breeding. Thus the supply of meat and milk is decreasing in an alarming way, the latter especially. On the other hand, the Balkan campaign raises vague megalomaniac hopes. The "way to Turkey is clear." Military men think that the Allies' reserves in the West will be weakened, and that therefore there need be no fear of a dangerous offensive for some time to come. Also the money folk (and, it is said, the Kaiser) insist that our financial strength is sapped, and that we shall

not stand the strain much longer. There at least are two notes of warning for us.

THE Press Bureau has kindly circulated a statement to the newspapers (omitting, I am grieved to say, THE NATION) declaring an account I gave of the success of the Derby scheme to be "absolutely incorrect and misleading." On what theory the Censorship issues this denial of a perfectly correct description I do not know. Apparently its massive mind halts between the opposite notions of keeping unwelcome facts from the public for fear of frightening them, and repressing welcome ones lest they should be unduly elated. I was the victim of the latter prepossession, accompanied, I dimly imagine, by the notion that men would stop enlisting as soon as they realized that a great national movement was in being. Why the psychology of Englishmen should have vitally changed since September and October a year ago, I do not know. But small minds work on that particular line of error. As for my further statement that the rush to the colors was beginning to embarrass industry—of that there is overwhelming evidence. This country is a great commercial nation, and you cannot withdraw its citizens from civil work by the million without such a dislocation. Let me add that a real obstacle to the success of the Derby scheme lies in the restriction of the local committees to merely municipal bodies. This will never do. A far wider and more representative choice must be made.

GENERAL JOFFRE's visit has been one of the personal sensations of the war. Our politicians expected to find a strategist; they saw rather the orator and the enthusiast. It would not be right to say that they were carried off their feet; but the air has been magnetic, and the resulting decisions have been rapid. Who on such authority can dispute them? One hopes that they are not at bottom based mainly on sentiment; and that the campaign is still conceived as a whole and in proportion. I imagine it is hardly disputed that the German diversion on the Danube is the result of the failure in Russia—perhaps the bitterest disappointment that Germany has sustained since the breakdown before Paris. Nor does any one quite figure to himself what is likely to happen as the result of the rather mysterious operation of Germany "getting to" Constantinople, where the Turks happen to be already. However, the French pressure has succeeded. It does not quite proceed from the French nation. But it represents the dominant military and political view, and as such we have, I suppose, accepted it.

I REALLY do not understand a statement in the "Manchester Guardian" alleging a delay of ten to fourteen days in the despatch of British troops to Salonika, or in the organization of any expedition of which they might form a part. If the writer in the "Guardian" will turn to Sir Edward Grey's speech he will see an unqualified denial of such delay. In fact, none took place. The division which was on the seas was duly landed; the preparations for sending other available troops went on, pending the decision of the

question as to where they should go. The "Guardian" is really confusing two different matters. There was political deliberation; but all through it there was a continuous and mechanical arraying of soldiers.

THE German proposals, or suggestions, or feelers, for peace have all blown down the wind, but I see a curious statement issued by the envoys of the Women's International Congress (among whom Miss Jane Addams was the leading figure) that three out of the five European neutral nations visited by them were willing to call a conference on the war. The United States did not consent to join. So far as I know, none of the belligerent nations object to the meeting of such a body. And that is something.

IN spite of his great age Lord Welby will be missed. His personality, gentle, refined, singularly sweet and attractive both in its accessibility and unselfishness, was rare enough. I saw him, within a few weeks of his death, at beautiful Malwood, where, though very ill, he was the soul of self-forgetful courtesy. All these graces appeared in the part of a host, in the arts and niceties of which he delighted, and in the conduct of politics. Save for Sir Algernon West, he was the last of the Gladstonian financiers. Public economy was his passion, and one of the last activities of his life was to gather round him a group of public men and to impress on them the pressing dangers of a profligate war finance. At the bottom, perhaps, he was optimistic—he thought Free Trade and the command of the seas would pull us through. But he also thought the debt was being run up to much too high a figure.

WRITES a young artillery officer at the very front, who has had his baptism of fire, and incidentally mentions:—

"I have not seen a Bosche yet, but hope to, soon. You look through your periscope across to a row of periscopes sticking up opposite, and feel like putting your tongue out."

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

A RUSSIAN CHILDHOOD.

THE condition of life in the "Middle Age" in Europe forms still a subject of controversy, and will probably form a subject of controversy while time endures. Writers so varied in character as Cardinal Newman, William Morris, and Carlyle, on the one hand, have described an age of innocence and gold; the building of the great cathedrals, simplicity, devotion, the power of creating beauty in the common ways of men. Others, like Mr. G. G. Coulton, will have nothing of such a picture. To them the life there is more intolerable than the life to-day. Greed, avarice, superstition, struggle for mastery; the only subject of amazement is that in that atmosphere of violence and disorder, any of the seeds of Progress survive. Russia—or the greater bulk of it—a generation ago, was still living in the Middle Age. Some, like Mr. Stephen Graham, following the lovers of that time, reveal the peasants, gentle, hard-working, full of

compassion for all weak things; sustained by a faith in the goodness of God and the life of the world to come. Others, like the great novelists, occupied mainly with the new life of the towns, reveal, like Turgenieff, the conflict between the Middle Age and the new "progress" flooding in from Europe, or like Tolstoy, work out on a background of human nature, as unchangeable at heart as the human nature of Greece or Rome, the history and adventure of the soul of man. It has been left to writers like Maxim Gorky to present in a realism as relentless as the French, and with some similar satisfaction in tearing down the masks and illusions of life, the Russian Middle Age as it stands to-day; the mud mingled with the gold. In the account of his early upbringing ("My Childhood." By Maxim Gorky. Werner Laurie), he exhibits both these elements in a story of a household typical of the life of a medieval, changing world. It is a company of children without the charm and grace of childhood, directed by impulse, full of violence; at one time appearing as a household of madmen; at another of avaricious and greedy men, half drunken, fighting for the spoil of their common work; at another filled with poetry and religious devotion, praying or giving praise to God. Brothers plot the murder of their brother-in-law that they may divide his heritage. Women are thought nothing of, knocked down, kicked, spat upon, and accept all such indignities as the natural order of things. The children are flogged and tortured, on the excuse that so their fathers and grandfathers suffered before them, and by this process were made men. Death crashes into the common household. At such a time there is momentary sobriety, wailing, and seemingly unappeasable grief. Then, after the burial, the dead are forgotten, and life in its tumult and squalor begins anew. It is simply a middle-class household in a provincial town, lost in the heart of mighty Russia. Only the child who is observing and wondering at it all happens to be a child of genius, and instead of accepting it all as normal and unchangeable, is in partial revolt and partial amazement; astonished that this thing is life; astonished that life cannot be a thing different.

The story begins with the death of his infant brother and ends with the death of his mother. He journeys from Astrakan up the Volga, to live in the common household ruled with iron hands by his grandfather; and the grandfather and grandmother are typical figures of the old Russia that is slowly passing away. "Everywhere," is the child's first impression, "angry people strove together, and the vile smell pervaded the whole place." Gorky is writing, as he confesses, about "that narrow, stifling environment of unpleasant impressions in which lived—aye, and to this day lives—the average Russian of this class." In general description it resembles nothing so much as the Duchess's kitchen in "Alice in Wonderland," seething with mutual hostility, with which all the grown people are infected and even the children inoculated. There is, of course, something of this in Gissing's hideous middle-class interiors in England, as in the vision of boredom, begetting hatred, in the Camberwell of "The Year of Jubilee." Here also are "narrow, sordid lives," caring for nothing but those pleasures which straitened circumstance has for ever denied them. And in many respects Gissing's vision is the more horrible: for this is the vision of an adult civilization, having worked through experiment and unavailing remedy towards an end. The Russian interior is a vision of a beginning, an energy and, in many respects, a simplicity, which has all the centuries before it still untried; with a sustaining force, absent in the characters of the English novelist, of a boundless belief in God and a great quality of patience.

The growing child notices from the beginning that under similar names and forms the grandfather and grandmother are worshipping different deities. To the man, the God who directs the courses of men is the God of the early Hebrew writings. He is a God jealous of the happiness of men, who sends them misfortune unless they placate him with prayers and offerings; who may be feared and worshipped, but at heart can never be loved. "When he spoke of the omnipotence of God, he always emphasized His cruelty above any other attribute." "Man sinned, and the Flood was sent; sinned again, and his towns were destroyed by fire; then God punished His people by famine and plague, and even now He is always holding a sword over the earth—a scourge for sinners." Through such means he is working out His own plans, and if the wickedness of mankind obstructs these plans, then man must suffer and be destroyed. "All the actions of man help to work out God's plans. Men desire one thing, but He wills something quite different. Human institutions are never lasting. The Lord blows on them and they fall into dust and ashes."

But his grandmother is living in the real "medieval twilight." It seems a drab and often tortured life. She is an ageing woman with a bulbous nose caused by taking too much snuff, and takes to drink also before the close of the narrative. She leads a life of unremitting toil, varied by abuse from her husband, which she returns, and is frequently knocked down and maltreated. But she is supremely happy, and communicates some of her happiness to her little grandchild in the realities of a world outside the smoke of that thieves' kitchen. She sees the devils indeed: one with a horned head sitting on the chimney of a neighbor, sniffing the food below, with his tail on the roof, scraping with his foot. But they are easily disposed of. "I made the sign of the Cross at him and said, 'Christ is risen from the dead, and His enemies are scattered.'" At that he gave a low howl and fell head over heels from the roof to the yard: so he was scattered! Another time crowds of little devils enter her kitchen "showing their teeth like mice, blinking their small green eyes, almost piercing me with their horns, and sticking out their little tails." Another time she sees a fiend on a coachman's box driving, in the black coach with reins of forged iron chains, right over a pond, a company of fiends, hissing and screaming and waving their nightcaps. What matter such visions, however, when the good God can always be summoned, and the great Archangels to help the poorest in their pain, and Our Lady, who can persuade her son to do anything for the poor, is wandering through every town in Holy Russia?

Even a beggar-man, coming from nowhere and going nowhither, can give her this assurance: "'Do you mean to tell me that Our Lady was ever at Ryazin?' to which he would reply in a low voice which carried conviction with it, 'She went everywhere—through every province.'" Every morning she found sustenance for the trial of the day in the Ikon of Our Lady of Kezan, whom she would address in terms of caressing endearment: "Source of our Joy," "Stainless Beauty," "Apple Tree in Bloom," "Dear Heart, so pure, so heavenly, My Defence and My Refuge, Golden Sun, Mother of God! Guard me from temptation; grant that I may do no one harm, and may not be offended by what others do to me." And she would comfort the little boy by visions full of color and light: "Although it is not given to men to see God," and "only the saints may look upon Him face to face," yet she had seen angels with gossamer-like wings at early Mass, moving about the altar-like clouds. And she knows what Heaven is

like—where "God's seat is on the hills, amidst the meadows of Paradise. It is an altar of sapphires under silver linden trees which flower all the year round, for in Paradise there is no winter, nor even autumn, and the flowers never wither, for joy in the divine favor. And round about God many angels fly like flakes of snow; and it may be that even bees hum there, and white doves fly between heaven and earth, telling God all about us and everybody. And so all is right that He does, and the angels rejoice and spread their wings and sing to Him, without ceasing, 'Glory be unto Thee, O God; glory be unto Thee.' And He just smiles on them, and it is enough for them—and more."

And beyond this sustaining vision of the Italian medieval paradise, transported to the snows and rude terrors of the heart of Russia, there is the sustaining force also of a patience behind all religions; an acceptance of life as it comes; a delight in the simplest pleasures, dancing, entertainment, stories round the stove in the winter nights, and that glad time when the "Archangel Gabriel waved his sword and drove away the winter, and clothed the earth with spring." When the grandfather declaims angrily against his children for turning out so badly, uttering cries and groaning, he is met with the assertion that they are no different to others. "You say that other children are better than ours; but I assure you, Father, that you will find the same thing everywhere—quarrels and bickerings and disturbances. All parents wash away their sins with their tears." After the worst days of quarrel and violence, "all goes well" is the assertion. "But you don't mean to say that everything goes well here—in our house!" is the boys' amazed comment. "Our Lady be praised! All goes well," is the reply. "Be crafty—it always pays," is the lesson enforced by the man. "Why should we remember bad people?" is the women's philosophy. "God sees them; He sees all that they do; and the Devils love them." And even after cruelty and privations extraordinary—sons growing into drunken loafers, daughters into harlots—the old people by the fire, one habitually ill-treated by the other, can find great happiness in remembrance of past years. "What a lot we have lived through—What a lot we have seen!" says one, contentedly. "We haven't had such a bad life, have we?" replies the other. Amidst all of which—in its splendor and squalor, confusion and energy, set in the background of the transcendent beauty of the Russian sunrise and sunset—a child of genius struggling towards maturity, is becoming filled with a great compassion for the children of men.

A LETTER FROM ARMINIUS.

ELYSIAN FIELDS,

November 2nd, 1915.

SIR,—It is five-and-forty years to the very month since that insufferable idiot, young Leo, of the "Daily Telegraph," picked me up, wounded, in the trenches before Paris, and earned an immortality which I grudge him, by recording my last words. It was never my habit to indulge in reminiscence; I had always a better use for my brains. The monarchical government under which we are doomed to suffer even here, has, however, consigned me to a segregation camp. Tobacco is scarce and bad, and time passes heavily, since the opportunities for controversy are denied me. Our society here before the war was cosmopolitan, contentious, and to my taste. It was a melting-pot of races, not unlike the United States; but the process of fusion, imperfect at best, was roughly

interrupted by your war, and we hyphenated-souls have been interned by the angelic police in the interests of boredom and peace. I have employed my leisure here in reading for the first time the little volume, "Friendship's Garland," which my poor friend, Mr. Matthew Arnold, consecrated to my memory. I valued him for his gentleness and receptivity, but his was a confused mind and a dawdling pen, and my appreciation of his good intentions does not balance my justifiable irritation at the bad execution. He meant well, however, and I beg you to convey him my greetings, if he is still accessible to you. You may assure him that I have read with deep interest that portion of his book which I wrote myself. The world has changed much since my day, and from my own standpoint, that of a German Liberal and Republican of the 'sixties, it appears to be scarcely more habitable or better ordered than the place I left behind me. I am still of the same mind. I am a republican, I desire a republic for every country in Europe. I have changed none of my views. The difficulties of my own country spring from Hohenzollerns and Hapsburgs, and nothing else. Those drill-sergeants and the wirepullers, with the other play-actors, conspirators, and table-turners, Coburgs, Karegeorgevitches, Romanoffs, and the rest of them, have brought you all to this present pass.

I am minded to send you a few observations on the present embarrassments of your country. I predicted them. I taught your fathers how to avoid them. Had they listened to me, had my poor friend, Mr. Matthew Arnold, possessed the ascendancy of mind which would have compelled their attention to my ideas, your fortunes would to-day be in another posture. I rejoice that it is so, for deep as my contempt is for the little men who led my country into the present war, it is a war of Germany against England. I labored in vain to prepare you, but what can one do with a nation that has not "Geist"? What I wrote in 1870 could not have been better put:—

"Then you may get involved in war, and you imagine that you cannot but make war well by dint of being so very rich; that you will just add a penny or two to your income-tax, change none of your ways, have clap-trap everywhere, as at present, unrestricted independence, legions of newspaper correspondents, boundless publicity, and thus at a grand high pressure of expenditure, bustle, and excitement, arrive at a happy and triumphant result. But authority and victory over people who are in earnest means being in earnest oneself, and your Philistines are not in earnest; they have no idea great enough to make them so. They want to be important and authoritative; they want to enforce peace and curb the ambitious; they want to drive a roaring trade; they want to know and criticize all that is being done; they want no restrictions on their personal liberty, no interference with their usual way of going on; they want all these incompatible things equally and at once, because they have no idea deep and strong enough to subordinate everything else to itself."

The "Times" reaches us here with tolerable regularity, and if its pages are a true reflection of your national life, could I have depicted your temper more accurately? Your unpreparedness, your poverty in leaders, your indifferent generalship, your newspaper controversies, your "business as usual"—did I not foresee it? The fussiness, the want of dignity, the hot and cold fits, the wounded self-importance, the want of ideas and of steadfastness which comes from ideas, the effusion and the confusion—above all the commercialism of the British Philistine as I drew him, are

they not incarnated in your Lord Northcliffe, as in a past age (with some more admirable aristocratic traits) they were personified in Lord Palmerston? "A dozen men sitting, in devout expectation, to see how the cat will jump—and that cat the British Philistine." So I described your Government in my day. You have got twenty-two men now, their function to wait and see how the cat jumps—and that cat Lord Northcliffe. That nobleman, I gather, thinks that five or six men would watch his jumping more intently. But I do you an injustice. You have tried to learn something from my own writings. There are limits to your publicity; you suppress what the enemy knows. There are even limits to your liberty: you suppress Socialist pamphlets, while your "Times" enjoys liberty to tell all the world of your errors.

One thing, however, has surprised me. I wrote in my day of your "pugnacity." I did not foresee that in spite of your inability to organize, and that want of earnestness which, the "Times" assures me, still characterizes you, your people would volunteer in millions, and fight with a courage and tenacity which intelligence could hardly better. When I read my "Times" I doubt whether you are any nearer to being a nation than you were in my day. When I turn to your casualty lists, I ask myself whether even France or my own machine-made country is more perfectly fused than you are to-day. Your aristocracy still lacks ideas. Your middle-class, if rather better educated than it was, is still behind the Continent. The change, I guess, is in your working-class. It is no longer a "rabble," a "residuum." I suspect that it is at last (in spite of the lurid pictures in the "Times") the groundwork of a patriotic democracy.

My own unhappy country has changed in the interval more profoundly than yours. I can see in retrospect that the change was inevitable. I described how the Prussian King, when the Liberals approached him "with fullest heart-devotion, reverently beseeching him to turn away his unconstitutional ministers," would grunt and kick his petitioners behind, who then departed singing in fervent tones, "Hoch for King and Fatherland." That process, repeated for five-and-forty years, has reduced our Liberals to what they are to-day. I see another change. In my day the enemy was Junkerism and Militarism. What has happened since is that our middle-class has adopted the craving for wealth and the passion for trade of yours. It has done it, however, *wissenschaftlich*, in an earnest, thorough, social, ur-deutsch manner. It trades as a well-armed Empire. It has learned from you to make bottles, and to-day, in its own intelligent and systematic way, it is conquering markets for them. Our Junkers were in my time a childish feudal caste; our militarism was the tradition of the royal parade ground. To-day our Junkers have married our capitalists, and our militarism pursues realistic ends. I used to hold that it suffices for any people to get Geist. My Germans have got it, and they have never lost it. They are, with the sole exception of the French (for whom I retain my old affection), the only fully civilized nation in Europe. You will object that they are waging war brutally. Dummkopf, cannot you see that this is the supreme demonstration of their logical intelligence? It is the medieval man, the romantic, the play-boy of the world, who thinks that war is the first of sports, and that it should be managed like sport, with chivalry and mercy. He thinks this because for him war is an end in itself and the lordliest of games. For the civilized man it is a means to an end—to the acquisition of markets, for instance. He

does not enjoy it. He is not called upon to ensure the enjoyment of the rival players by observing the rules. He adapts his practices to his own ends, and if he can dispense with an army corps by intimidating the civilian population, he does so.

I have, as you will note, preserved the detachment of my intelligence during these five-and-forty years of inaction. I have always had a liking for your nation, and a still keener curiosity about it. You are not the nation which emerged as the first of the Powers from the last universal war. You have its wealth, its doggedness, its egoism, its insensibility to ideas. You have a vague mass-consciousness, a devotion in the individual, which it lacked. You are doing with your volunteer best what it never attempted with its pressed dregs. But it possessed an aristocracy to lead it. You have nothing but your press. Lord Northcliffe is a sorry substitute for Pitt. A German Republican is a lonely soul, a *Vaterlandslose Geselle*, a patriot whose fatherland has slipped away from him. I watch the struggle, curious and without prepossessions. It may weld you into a nation if you can shake yourselves clear of clap-trap, and see things as they are. At present you are fighting in the dark. My Germans, if they chose their end ill, knew at least what they wanted. They had a plan; they had a constructive idea. If they win, they will achieve exactly the limited, half-barbarous, half-commercial, Junker-capitalist aim which they set before themselves. They will exploit as much of the earth as their cannons can reach, and wield a monopoly in bottles and steel from Antwerp to Bagdad. You fight in the dark. You are innocent of ideas, and you do not even know that you lack them. You saw Belgium yesterday; you see Serbia to-day; you will see Egypt to-morrow. You see nothing steadily and nothing whole. Searching for ideas, your dons have just unearthed the mentality of 1848. You can sentimentalize about little nationalities, and you have not even begun to ask yourselves in what milieu and European framework and organization the little nationality can live. You are incapable of the very conception of world-policy, and if the world lay at your feet you could no more organize it than you can plan out your great site, Trafalgar Square. You may achieve victory. I console myself with the reflection that you will not know how to use it.

Your humble servant,

VON THUNDER-TEN-TRONCKH.

[This unwelcome and discreditable screed has reached us unsought. It seems, however, to bear internal evidence of its own authenticity. Arminius has learned nothing and forgotten nothing. Englishmen will read his immoral and offensive disquisition only that they may learn the better what they should shun.—ED., THE NATION.]

TWO WALKERS.

At daybreak one morning in Autumn two men separately set out walking from a Canadian town. Each was just free from a "year's inclusion in a thronged city," and each was apparently looking forward to the delights of the country. They met; they walked a little while together; they parted. One of them says of the other:

"He was nice-mannered and polite to a degree; but as a companion to aid in discovering rural beauty he was simply worse than none at all. His two negative or denominational eyes and ears completely cancelled, made useless, and altogether put out of existence my two positive or numerational ones. I was prepared to take infinite delight in the most trivial and insignificant of Nature's works, to extol her most commonplace

manifestations, to find the longest sermons in the tiniest pebbles; but to do this by the side of the most anti-pathetic of, to all intents and purposes, blind and deaf fellow-pedestrians—it was out of the question."

The utterance most pregnant with observation, says this numerational walker, that the other made was, "That's a potato-patch!" and, of course, he comes down on him heavily with the gibe, "A brown potato-patch by the highway rim a brown potato-patch was to him, and it was nothing more."

It would be interesting, if a little shocking, to learn what the nice-mannered and polite young man thought of the numerational one. But he went on his way dumb, even, in the circumstances, preferring the highway to the footpath that the other took. And the other, whose name is Arnold Haultain, has written a book about this incident, and other matters, which he calls, "Of Walking and Walking Tours," and also "An Attempt to Find a Philosophy and a Creed" (Werner Laurie.) He knows that it is no easy task, that words are weak things by which to convey or to evoke emotion, that some of his speculations must be "semi-mystical, semi-intelligible, perhaps even transcending the boundaries of rigid logic." Still, they come to him, how or whence he does not know, apparently autogenous, though he knows that every thought has parents and a pedigree, so he writes them down and has them printed. He even includes a chapter warning other "epimethean enthusiasts" against trying to do the same sort of thing. Richard Jefferies, "poor soul," tried it, and, for his pains, was misunderstood by Lubbock, who thought he was describing very beautifully the delight of a fine summer day in the country. So Darwin, when he said that certain exotic scenes were almost equal to "those dearer ones at home, to which we are bound by each best feeling of the mind," only "incidentally and quite unwittingly put his finger on the crux of the problem." Darwin ought to have said it thus, as Mr. Haultain does, "For any one particular scene to arouse emotions deeper than those evoked by mere form and color, that scene must arouse associations embedded in one's own memory or in those of one's forbears."

Is it the essence of a country walk that "we should have no object or aim whatsoever"? In boyhood, when we had quarrelled with all our play-fellows, we sometimes wandered away without knowing whither, and would thus sometimes fall upon memorable adventures. But equally could that happen when we set out to get to some particular place, to find some flower, or even to take that "of all abortions or monstrosities of country walks"—a constitutional. The walk may come to us and smother and falsify the constitutional, as an exquisite poem may get itself written on a sheet of paper that was a grocer's bill. How can we arrange to take a walk in a condition of "absolute mental vacuity"? We must at least start with the will to put ourselves in the way of something nice happening to us. We shall choose at least the first part of our journey as bluntly as if it were a mere constitutional. And in fact, we nearly always do choose the whole circle. A straight line that lands us tired a long way from home would be a mistake, and indeed some of the best chapters in this idealist's book tell us what to carry, what sized boots to wear, and how to make bean bannocks. No; the walk is superior to the man. He can start on a constitutional, with his head full of algebra or domestic economy, and lo! the walk will descend upon him, engulf him, and drive everything but itself out of his head and heart.

The movement of the limbs quickens the blood and washes the brain. The extra decimal point per cent. of oxygen in the air (for surely we shall choose good air to

walk in) warms the perceptions and the imagination, brings up the landscape in richer colors, and renews to their old power the magics that we have gone out deliberately to woo. Furthermore, Mr. Haultain tells us of those magics, of what he saw sitting by the river, or how the clouds and half-clouds chequer the Sussex downs, and he does it with the intention and with the result of making us eager to go out walking again at the first opportunity. We shall go, and find perhaps something totally different, bees upon a thyme-bed, beetles dancing on a pool, bracken instead of barley, thistles instead of ragwort, the joys of wind or rain instead of halcyon sunshine.

The exaltation does not stop at mere negation of dullness. Oxygen makes drunk. There is not a walker, however mum by nature, who does not reach shouting pitch, who does not try to sing like the blackbird, though he may not have the voice of a crow. And of all things to shout for, we shout because we have attained calm. "Calm," says our walking philosopher, "is compatible with the highest and most exuberant spirits. Indeed, high and exuberant spirits are the first and natural outcome of a mind at peace with itself." And he goes on to say that good old Walton continually broke into pious and pastoral song. His was but the angler's gait. Better walkers grow martial in their oxygen. "Onward, Christian soldiers" will suit them (if that be all pious). They like to compose their own song, words, and music. They see purple, and are visited by "semi-mystical, semi-intelligent speculations." The north wind is not "the north wind, and nothing more." It is "nursed in paleocrystic ice." The nerve-senses get crossed and confused, and we experience this kind of thing:—

"On a humble cottage wall facing the south . . . was a wealth of flowering convolvulus. . . . The sight was entrancing. The various-hued blossoms seemed blatantly to trumpet forth their beauty to the sun, to borrow the terms of sound and apply them to color. And what color was there! The deep, soft, velvet purple powdered with snowy pollen—what a profound, what an acute sense it produced of something altogether beyond the limitations of time and space, of something mysterious, beneficent, divine. . . . How paltry, how tainted, seemed all human greatness beside those simple petals; how marred, how deformed!"

Would old Cobbett have come to that, if he had taken to walking instead of riding? We think not. Indeed, we doubt whether horseback is not even more exhilarating than Shanks his mare. We cannot help looking up to see what Cobbett does come to.

"On we trotted up the pretty green lane. It had a little turn towards the end, so that out we came, all in a moment, at the very edge of the hanger. And never in all my life was I so surprised and so delighted. I pulled up my horse and sat and looked; and it was like looking from the top of a castle down into the sea, except that the valley was land and not water."

But Cobbett was not in search of a religion or a creed. He liked to see that men were growing Swedish turnips in the right way, and whether the oaks had enough clay to cover the tap roots. He was quite capable of saying, "That's a potato patch."

Present-Day Problems.

THE LIMITATION OF ARMAMENTS.

We are all more or less definitely looking towards the end of the war, though we all must admit that that event is of a most uncertain date. Some of us believe

that it will end in little other than an armed truce, and that the nations of Europe will be left, as they recover from their exhaustion, to return to the increase of armaments, and to a mad competition for supremacy in the next war. Others, with whom I venture to associate myself, hope for better things; trust that the thoughts of men are being widened by the process of events, and hope that the settlement may tend to secure the peace of Europe on a firmer footing than ever before, and that as our ancestors at the end of the Napoleonic wars sought to preserve peace by a federation of despotisms, so we may effectually secure it by a federation of democracies.

Some of those who have written on the settlement of Europe after the war, have passed in silence over the subject of the limitation of armaments; others have proposed that the subject should be left for discussion by the nations at a later date. But to me it seems that this limitation should be dealt with in the first instance, as a matter of primary importance, and that it is in fact the very corner-stone of any peace other than an armed one. If the nations should be left at large on this point, some one or other of them would begin at once to increase his armaments, and a single nation would set the pace for the whole world. How difficult—or impossible—it would be to stop the race if once begun, we know from cruel past experience.

The subject is beset with difficulties, and that is perhaps in part the reason why it has received less attention than it deserves. For the purpose of the present discussion, I will venture to suggest a scheme for the limitation of armaments, and the maintenance of peace establishments throughout Europe.

It is almost needless to observe that recent events have shown that treaties by themselves cannot be relied upon as affording real security, and that we must seek for some more valid guarantee.

Almost every one who looks forward to a secure peace in future, regards some form of federation as an essential part of the scheme, and the American statesmen and thinkers who have interested themselves in the probable future of Europe have pointed with great force to their own history, as furnishing a precedent which may give some light to the formation of a federation of all the great States of Europe, if not of the world. The institution therefore of some federal council is the first plank in my platform.

Next, I suggest that the Congress which settles the terms of peace of Europe should determine the maximum of naval and military forces which each of the Powers, whether conquering or conquered or neutral, is to be allowed to maintain; that it should constitute a body of International Commissioners, charged with the duty of keeping watch and ward that the limitation be never exceeded, for which purpose they must be armed with powers of inspection and investigation of the most plenary kind; that in the case of transgression of the limits there should be a power to call upon the federated nations to enforce the observance of the arrangement.

There is no doubt that this appointment of an international commission will have to be supported by other provisions of the peace settlement, such as the suppression of some of the docks and fortresses now in existence, the extinction of private firms for manufacturing munitions of war in all countries, and the institution of an effective system of international arbitration. Powers should also be given either to the Federal Council or to the International Commission, to determine what materials and methods of war are permissible.

If a plan of the kind indicated above were to be adopted, no indignity would be placed upon the conquered nations. They would only be called upon to bear the same limitations of their sovereign rights as their more successful neighbors, a fact which, it may well be hoped, would tend to produce a spirit of acquiescence in those nations, and check the desire for future retaliation. Furthermore, this scheme would operate to prevent the recrudescence of the military system, not only in Germany, but in all the nations of Europe.

I venture to think that this plan is conceived in that spirit of equity and fairness towards our friends and foes alike, which, if followed, will furnish a securer basis for

peace than any humiliation of one nation and exaltation of another—a basis without which no peace could be expected to be lasting.

One of the chief difficulties to be encountered would be the determination of the maximum limit of armaments. I conceive that it should be made after a careful consideration of the extent and geographical position of each country, of its population, its commerce, and all the circumstances which could possibly affect the case. It should aim at allowing every nation a sufficient force for the performance of all its police duties, and should leave it capable of defending itself against the limited forces of its neighbors, but not sufficiently armed to encourage or even permit aggression.

I again confess to the difficulties inherent in my scheme; but if the proposition be once conceded, that without limitation of armaments no satisfactory peace can be obtained, some machinery must be found to give effect to that object, more powerful than treaties; and I earnestly invite the attention of thoughtful lovers of peace to the solution of this important question,

"Si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum."

EDWARD FRY.

Letters to the Editor.

APPROACHES TO PEACE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I begin my reply to the critics of my letter of October 16th by pointing out the grave misrepresentations of my position which several of them have made? I never suggested that "we should put forward terms of peace," as Mr. Watson Smith alleges, or "make proposals," as Mr. Proudfoot alleges. Nor did I make any statement of "the terms" of a satisfactory peace. On the contrary, my hypothesis, quite clearly stated, was that at some not distant date, Germany, recognizing that her powers of offence and defence were declining, might indicate her willingness to entertain a settlement "based upon" (not consisting of) "a full evacuation and restoration of all invaded territories." In such an event, I asked, ought the Allies to refuse to consider such a proposal as a "preliminary basis for negotiations towards a settlement," upon the ground that it was necessary to expel the Germans "by force of arms and not by negotiations"? My critics, as I understand them, hold that we ought not even to consider any terms suggested by the enemy, however reasonable in themselves as a basis of negotiations, because future security demands that we shall expel them by force, invade their country, and dictate terms as conquerors. For any early settlement, based on negotiations, would leave them "unpunished" and unrepentant, with the power to renew the conflict at the first favorable opportunity, and the determination to do so. The punishment which Germany is already undergoing by death and suffering, privation, and the certain prospect of financial ruin, does not seem to count for Mr. Chesterton as any check upon renewal of the war. It is apparently only the punishment that "follows" the war, and is expressly inflicted as a penalty, that counts. So also Mr. Watson Smith: "Germany and Austria have let loose the dogs of war, and Germany and Austria must pay the penalty." This penalty alone will afford security for the future, and the necessity of inflicting it requires us to refuse any early consideration of peace negotiations, and to continue to kill and maim some more millions of the youth of Europe and to hand over whole nations in the East to massacre and famine.

Now, the question I put is this: Have those who urge a course which they admit must cost the lives, not of themselves, but of countless thousands of their fellow-men, a right to feel so confident that the "penalty" which, as conquerors, they will inflict upon a conquered nation, will secure their object of "crushing German militarism" and preventing a recurrence of war? I urge that the penalties advocated by the advocates of a war of attrition are likely to punish Europe as a whole even more heavily than

Germany, and to increase the probability of another European war. For, consider first the temper of conquerors, exasperated by the resistance of a foe driven to more desperate and lawless courses by the conviction that he is fighting for national existence. Is it reasonable to suppose that this temper among men acting as judges in their own case would be such as to ensure that the penalties are either equitable or conducive to future peace?

I have no desire to conduct a dialectical duel. If Mr. Chesterton, or anybody else, can show me that to go on killing millions more men, by a process which assumes that the Allies are prepared to sacrifice more lives than Germany can afford, is the only way of saving civilization and of securing future peace, I will accept his awful remedy. But if I can show that such a course is far more likely to sow the seeds of another war, I claim a favorable consideration for another view.

Now, I admit that an early settlement by negotiation upon the lines suggested in my former letter would be likely to leave Germany better fitted in fighting power and other material resources for an early renewal of the struggle than would be the case if, after a year or two more fighting, the German forces were worn down, their country invaded, their fleet seized, Krupp's destroyed, and a crushing indemnity were imposed, with an army of occupation to enforce the terms. Some critics may reply that such an admission is good enough for them. But such a reply would be only one more illustration of the intellectual damage of war. For such a regimen, by the very process of crushing for the time being the body of German militarism, would ensure the survival and the strengthening of its spirit. Would it not be so with us if Germany invaded our country, seized our fleet, crushed our armies, and held us to ransom? Would our spirit of resistance be broken? The notion, apparently entertained by some, that motives would work differently in Germany, because her people would all recognize that the penalties imposed were a just retribution for her aggressive policy, is too foolish to need any serious refutation. Such bad psychology is only to be explained by the havoc wrought by the war-fever upon the imagination and the intelligence. Passionate hate, naturally engendered by the wickedness of our enemy, makes us eager to punish him, and this desire deludes us into thinking that the punishment will be good for him, and that he will come to recognize its justice.

Now, my general contention is that if, as a first step towards settlement, Germany could be got to evacuate by her voluntary action the invaded territories, not merely would a further waste of life and property be saved, but this formal confession of the failure of an aggressive policy would be likely to have a far better educative influence upon the German people than the same result produced by overwhelming force of numbers in the field.

If German militarism is to be broken, this recognition of its failure by the German people is a prime essential. No mere victories of the Allies in the field can secure it, and penalties imposed by a conqueror, which seem just to him but vindictive to his conquered foe, may render it impossible. I will reduce my argument to the following propositions:—

1. The Allies cannot by any force of arms so crush and permanently hold down Germany as to disable her from recovering military strength if she should set herself to this task. She will still possess great resources of trained soldiers, and the science, discipline, patriotism, and other qualities and properties which make a nation formidable if a warlike purpose still inspires their use.

2. The consistent and prolonged attempt of the Allies to prevent such recovery by force would keep militarism and conscription, with all their costs and perils, enthroned in this country and every country of Europe.

3. Such a policy would preserve the militarist power in Germany. For it would enable the Government to say to their people: "You see how right we were in telling you that a conspiracy of jealous and revengeful nations were bent upon breaking up your empire and dismembering it, stealing your colonies, and crippling your commercial development. By dint of sheer numbers they have succeeded for the present. But let us bide our time."

4. Thus Germany would not be broken of her militarism, but would devote herself persistently to intriguing for allies, and plotting a war of revenge.

5. By such a sequel would be destroyed every hope of that concert of Europe which Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, and others of our statesmen have announced as the indispensable condition for a pacific future.

I beg no question as to the possibility of averting these perils by means of a more genuinely conclusive peace, the product of a more reasonable process of negotiation and consent. I do not know whether Germany will have the wisdom to propose any settlement on terms to which we and our Allies can or ought to agree. I only plead that should such proposals be made, they should not be ruled out of consideration by advocates of a war of attrition.

In conclusion, may I express my surprise at the passionate indignation with which so many persons lash themselves when any suggestion of the possibility of an early, and what, by a question-begging epithet, they term "an inconclusive peace," is mooted? It looks as if they were afraid lest the peoples, tired of being forced like dumb-driven cattle to the slaughter, might turn upon their rulers and insist that those who had got them into this bloody business should get them out of it. Otherwise, why this anger directed against a mere contemptible handful of persons who, like myself, question the value, the necessity, and the meaning of "fighting to a finish"? If, as they contend, the allied peoples are solidly behind their Governments in a stern insistence upon refusing to consider any suggestions for settlement until the process of attrition is completed and terms can be dictated to a crushed Germany, why this scorn and anger directed against those who impotently raise the possibility of an earlier and securer peace?—Yours, &c.,

J. A. HOBSON.

Hampstead. November 3rd, 1915.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It is rather disconcerting for the rest of us to be told so suddenly by Mr. J. A. Farrer that "it is only by taking comparisons at distant times that one can make an approach to an answer to this question"—the question, namely, whether, in view of the fact that Germany is now showing signs of fatigue, we ought not to offer her an opportunity of going home quietly to recuperate. It is an interesting question, sir, and, by the tokens of a past not very distant a good deal is likely to hang upon the answer which we make; yet it is not everybody who has a set of the "Annual Register" at hand to inform his judgment, nor is it evident that all those who have know how to use it. For example, to take at its face-value such an obvious piece of decent pretence and verbal make-way as the ostensibly Anglo-Prussian memorandum of November, 1759, argues a somewhat naïve conception of the uses of that kind of communication and its normal relation to the thoughts of statesmen and the springs of their action. Mr. Farrer reads it, and forthwith sees exposed upon the sleeves royal of Britain and Prussia—of George the Second and Frederick the Great—two hearts bleeding for the sufferings of humanity through war. One would have expected that anyone who had shared in the educational opportunities which the past twelvemonth has showered upon all of us would rather ask himself: "What was behind this? What did it mean?" Doubtless students of the period could explain quite fully. I am not one of them; but on the strength of a little casual reading I will venture to say that Mr. Farrer's inferences are quite wide of the mark, and that the whole incident is irrelevant to the present situation. The motives which he asks us to believe in, and to feel ashamed of our own age in contemplating, were (so far as this memorandum is concerned) ever non-operative and non-existent.

It was not from an overmastering desire to put a stop to bloodshed and to the accumulation of human misery then going on that Pitt drafted and sent out that document, but in order to secure by peace what ran a chance of being lost by war. It was because he had received a long and important (and apparently strictly secret) letter from Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick painting in the blackest colors the prospects of the next Continental campaign, and especially showing that the King of Prussia could hardly be in a position to take the field at all. Pitt hastened to lay this state of the case ("with due circumspection and secrecy," he says) before

the king, and apparently before him alone. George's eternal concern for his hereditary dominion made him nervously anxious then and always to obviate all risks of mishap to Hanover. He had placed it, in effect, under the protection of the now disabled Frederick, and the implications of Frederick's ill-fortune for Hanover had been specially emphasized by Ferdinand. Here, then, was motive enough for a fresh departure, and probably it was in momentary compliance with the urgent wishes of George that Pitt consented to throw out a tentative for peace. As matters then stood, the Minister may not have felt very averse from a course which, on the part of the King, was an inspiration of panic. For when we bear in mind that England had a wealth of conquests with which to bargain, and that France was known to desire peace with us and believed to be in a very bad way financially, it is easy to understand that Pitt could open negotiations confidently expecting to arrange our own business to his liking, and Frederick's as well, or well enough to serve.

The negotiations thus abruptly initiated—in the name of humanity but really in the interests of Hanover—came to nothing; but they probably had their use in delaying the resumption of hostilities till May, 1760. How little, however, the imputed humanitarian motive counted in their initiation may be judged by a perusal of the correspondence between Pitt and Bussy during the resumed negotiations of March-September, 1761. There the great War-Minister is seen insisting tirelessly, with all the precision of his far-glancing intellect and his dynamic will, upon the last ounce of concession and surrender from a wearied but always great and formidable foe; and finally, when virtually everything was conceded, casting away the labor of months and the prospect of immediate peace for what to many of your readers, I suspect, would appear a mere punctilio. It was not a punctilio, but let that pass. The same willingness not only to fight out a great quarrel to the bitter end, but to add to it another with a second foe, who would double the burden and the dangers of the day, was signally manifested a month later in a famous scene in the Council, when, on October 2nd, 1761, Pitt stood alone, with King and the whole Cabinet, except his own brother-in-law, Temple, against him. Thus outvoted, forsaken, and at bay, he yet refused to hold any terms with a policy which weakly counted the present cost when the interest of the long future of the nation was at stake. Therefore, three days later, not without fears, he surrendered the seals of his office into the hands of the king to whose dominions he had added empires east and west, but who refused to follow him in a war upon Spain—really upon the now united House of Bourbon—which he judged to be demanded by the honor of the Crown and essential to the ultimate safety of "all we have and are." And it is no pedantic display of schoolbook knowledge, but a thing most pertinent to the question which has been presented to us, to add that the war which all opposed in October all consented to in January, when golden opportunities had been lost.

Thus much it has seemed necessary to say in order to put in its true light an incident which is proposed to us for an illustration, an example, and a rebuke. It would be too cynical a thing, and a bitter shame to us, indeed, if a document drafted by Pitt and read without understanding of its origins and motive, were to be allowed to influence our minds, ever so slightly, towards sympathy with a proposal which has its source in a mentality diametrically opposed and generically alien to his, and which, could he hear of it in the present passage of our fortunes, would make him rend his grave-clothes in anger.—Yours, &c.,

W. MACDONALD.

187, Pinner Road, Harrow.
November 2nd, 1915.

A SUGGESTION FOR THE CENSOR.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Scene—the dining-room of a small French hotel, in a town much occupied with wounded and refugees.

"They ought to be whipped—soundly whipped!" cries the old Médecin Chef, who, with his family, sits at the centre table. He is head of all the hospitals of the district, and his opinion carries weight.

"My father, mademoiselle," his daughter explains to

me, "refers to the *mondaines* who are now buying hats and frocks of the new modes. He has read an article about them in the newspaper, which annoys him extremely."

"It is a crime," maintained the old gentleman, stoutly, "and I blame equally the journals which describe these follies and induce silly women to buy them!"

"Surely," ventures a lady timidly, "they give work for the dressmakers."

"Let them give work—but, *mon Dieu*, work that is of some use. Any woman who wishes to spend a thousand francs on employing dressmakers can order shirts for the hospitals and clothes for the wounded and the refugees. Not put it all on her own back. They ought to be whipped!" he repeated. "I hope, *mademoiselle*, that your compatriots, who are said to be practical, are not committing these follies and extravagances."

"I fear, *monsieur*," I replied, "that one finds foolish people in every land."

Certainly, in our little dining-room, there was not a single example of the fashion. Everyone was "making her old dress do," and expressed the determination to replace it only when quite worn out, and then buy a durable garment of a form that does not need many extra metres of stuff.

"It is not the time now to wear flowers and feathers. A plain hat that will stand bad weather is all that is needed for this winter," they agree.

Next morning I received a batch of English papers, and—with the above conversation fresh in my mind—read them with shame.

In one column I learnt that twenty shillings would feed twenty Polish refugees for a week. In another, that Messrs. X could supply me with a "paletot of great charm and elegance" for "the very reasonable price of fifty-five guineas!" Someone else offers me "ideal lining for a cloak" at only 8s. 11d. the yard. Delightful fabrics, "the filmiest imaginable," at a bargain price; "darling little" hats, consisting of ostrich feathers, gold roses, and other objects eminently suited for winter and war time. And armed with these—or similarly suitable outfits—I am told I can "safely go to little lunches" or drive in my motor.

I turn to appeals for food for our starving prisoners in Germany—for help, in short, for every charitable institution, old and new. And then I read that some ladies in one of the suburbs are really economizing and saving quite a lot of money. The dear things have resolved not to buy so many chocolates, to go no more to the manicure, and to wash their heads at home! I have never seen manicuring performed. It consists, I'm told, largely in rubbing pink powder on the finger nails. And in future they will try to do it at home. What self-sacrifice! And they imagine, doubtless, that they are roughing it, shunning delights, and living laborious days. We may expect to learn soon that they are eating cake to save bread.

The Censor's function is, I believe, to suppress the publication of facts (1) likely to assist the enemy; (2) that it is not desirable for the public to know. There is much dispute as to what should be included in the latter category.

Surely the excision of pernicious nonsense tempting the weak to extravagant and wasteful expenditure might employ him very usefully. Cannot someone be found who is sufficiently patriotic to set more reasonable fashions, and who has influence enough to show that a "little lunch," or even a dinner, can be eaten comfortably in, say, a stout serge skirt and a shirt of flannel or cotton? And to employ the furriers in making sheepskin coats for our men in the Balkans—where it will soon be most bitterly cold in the high lands—instead of wasting time and material on fifty-five guinea paletots?

A friend writes me, "I walked from Praed Street to Mudie's, down Oxford Street, the other day, and almost the whole stretch—about two miles—is given up to dressing women. I wonder if anything will wake up England?"

Perhaps I hardly need add that I have not dared confide the contents of the English papers to the *Médecin Chef*.—Yours, &c.,

M. E. DURHAM.

EARLY SPEECH-MAKING.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your review of Mr. Dimsdale's "Latin

Literature" you charge Livy with an anachronism in putting elaborate speeches in the mouths of his early Volscians.

There is good evidence that elaborate speech-making was common amongst warrior races at a very early stage of civilization. The so-called "Polynesian" or straight-haired, brown-skinned race of South Sea Islanders, had regular orators from a remote date. The practice of including in the retinue of a Samoan chief an orator, or, as the English-speaking sailors called him, a "talking-man," continued until very recent times, perhaps still continues.

It was necessary that when speaking the orator should lean upon a spear. Between thirty and forty years ago I was present on an occasion when a speech had to be made on behalf of a chief, and the orator's spear could not be found. He was quite unable to begin his speech until a foreign bystander handed him an umbrella. He leant upon it and poured forth a regular flood of eloquence.—Yours, &c.,

NAVIGATOR.

October 31st, 1915.

THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—You allowed me to point out recently that in the cases in which magistrates are asked under the Defence of the Realm Regulations to order the destruction of documents, the courts are becoming less like courts of justice and more like censorship. That remark has since been only too fully illustrated. Last Monday week at the Mansion House, Alderman Sir John Knill gave his decision in respect of certain pamphlets. He said:—

"Before I pronounce my formal decision in this matter, I desire to say in fairness to the several owners appearing before me that I deemed it my duty carefully to peruse the various documents in question, not merely relying on the particular pages respectively indicated to me on behalf of the prosecution, but taking each pamphlet as a whole. My order is that all the following documents in the list 2 attached to the summons before me—viz., Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 13, and 18, be destroyed after the expiration of seven clear days from this day."

So, after trial in secret we have judgment in cipher. The titles of four of these publications were mentioned shortly afterwards by counsel in giving notice of appeal. The rest remain undisclosed.

Now the man in the street, reading the above decision, might suppose that the defendants had had the best of the argument from first to last, and had only lost their case because of something they had never had a chance of arguing. He might think that the judgment was based altogether upon the magistrate's opinion as to the general tendency of the pamphlets, whereas the hearing appeared to have been concerned entirely with particular passages and not at all with general tendency. And if he remembered that the magistrate stated when the case was opened that he had already read the pamphlets, he might be tempted to think that the magistrate might just as well have slept throughout the proceedings.

The man in the street might be mistaken, but nothing that has transpired would show that he was mistaken. Let us hope that he would give the court the benefit of the doubt, even though the doubt be of the court's own making.

If the procedure in this case is to be drawn into a precedent, another magistrate may in some future case, after the merest form of trial, prevent the publication of any book or paper which does not commend itself to his private opinion or to an equally private opinion formed in Whitehall. That will not be justice or law. It will be censorship—such a censorship as England has not seen since the Stuarts. It may be less oppressive than that one, but it will be more iniquitous. Under the system that Milton covered with immortal shame no printed word could appear without the *imprimatur*. Under the new one erratic officialdom will pounce upon one writer and leave another alone, and no man will know the reason for its discrimination. The new censorship will be to the old as the press-gang to conscription.

If the Government thinks it necessary to destroy freedom

of opinion, the other new censorship—the Press Bureau—would be a more suitable instrument. Nobody looks to it for law or justice, and it has no reputation to lose.—Yours, &c.,

S. V. BRACHER.

28, Mecklenburgh Square, W.C.

THE VITALITY OF INDIAN ART.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your reviewer's advice in the article on "South Indian Bronzes," was so excellent that I should much like, if I may, to repeat and endorse it—"That we should do all we can officially and otherwise to encourage the Maharajas and wealthy merchants who now unhappily believe only European art to be worthy of their patronage to take more trouble to encourage the work of their own countrymen." As you point out, our own new-born interest in Indian art is only too likely to take the barren form of collections by museum directors. Even this is better than our previous misunderstanding of Indian sculpture and painting, and the whole range of unfamiliar ideas and ideals they present.

But sculpture and painting—in India at least—are not dead, isolated phenomena. They are there, on the contrary, in closest relation to the daily life and religion of the country. The exquisite bronzes of Southern India may, or may not, equal the greatest works of art elsewhere; that is a matter decided for each individual critic by personal taste and intuition or by previous training. The supreme fact of Indian art, and its great value for us at this moment, is its vitality. If the Maharajas and rich merchants, following the prevailing Anglo-Indian fashion, have seen little to admire in the art of their country, we owe its wonderful preservation to their ladies, the non-Europeanized but cultured women of India. From architecture down to jewelry, in all that concerns the life of the home, it is Indian women who dictate Indian taste. The purdah curtain has its right and wrong side.

The better understanding of our Indian compatriots will form one of the first problems of peace—when that happy time comes. The splendid rally of India round her Emperor in his hour of need must meet with an equal response.

Might I suggest, then, that the study of the living art of the country not only in its relation to past history, but more particularly in its intimate connection with modern Indian life, would provide Englishmen, and above all, Englishwomen, with the key to a knowledge more valuable both to East and West than either are wont to suppose?—Yours, &c.,

C. M. VILLIERS-STUART

Beachamwell Hall, Swaffham, Norfolk.

THE HOME HELPS SOCIETY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—At the meeting held last week in the Guildhall, under the auspices of the National Association for the Prevention of Infant Mortality and the National Patriotic Organization, the Duchess of Marlborough, in her admirable and well-informed speech, drew attention, among other things, to the new movement for training and supplying women as home helps. It will hardly be realized by the general public what an important factor the home help is in the first fortnight of a baby's life. It is at this period that the utmost care and scrupulous cleanliness are needed if the ills and weaknesses to which little babyhood is liable are to be avoided and the first foundations of life-long health may be laid. Too often an ignorant, perhaps even a drinking woman, with all kinds of anti-health nostrums of her own, who is in charge of the home all day and of the helpless mother in bed, will defeat the work of the best doctor and nurse in the world.

The Home Helps Society, which is an outcome of the Queen's Employment Fund, exists to supply and train women for domestic work in the people's homes, supervising their labors, and securing to them adequate wages where the mothers are not in a position to do so, and to raise the profession generally to the level of skill and dignity and trust-

worthiness, that its vital importance calls for. Ladies who will organize committees for this work in their localities are invited to send to the hon. secretary, Miss Moberly, for a copy of the scheme recently drawn up. A fund, to which Her Majesty the Queen has contributed, is being raised. The treasurer is Lady Crewe, and the office address, 4, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.—Yours, &c.,

E. M. BUNTING.

9, Torrington Place, Gordon Square, W.C.

Poetry.

TWO MOODS.

I.—TERMINAL.

PROSPER you heart? then am I almost sorry
Seeing you go so merry and passionate,
Filled so full of vision and song and glory
Where the road breaks and travelling's desolate.
Presently ends the way; soon, heart, will you find
One winged figure and lone on a tideless shore.
He'll beat his wings . . . your laughter's lost in their
wind,
Their gusts will dry your crying for evermore,
Empty your hands, whirl your garments behind you,
Blow deep waters about your ears and deafen,
Cast the dust of graves in your eyes and blind you . . .
Strange—of such as you the Kingdom of Heaven!

II.—"LOVE IN HEAVEN."

WONDERFUL was our meeting here on earth;
Two souls that met and matched and loved each
other.
Nations were born in the hours of our birth,
Yet from them all we came to one another.

Oh, we shall meet again! but in your Heaven
Will hearts remain hearts still and tears be tears,
Will memory of passionate pledges given
Pass not with all the folly of dead years?

Or, and I fear this most of all, to find
With my first waking in that strange new place,
Your hand laid on my forehead cold and kind,
But something lost I once loved in your face.

Faded the scent of you; your tricks of dress
Gone, and your longings quenched; even desire
For Heaven, being crowned with saintliness,
Dead, as the flame dies, with the need for fire.

Yes, this I dread, to find the fire's spent ember
That glowed so bright for me, grown cold hereafter;
Yet if my presence stir you to remember
The tears you had, the warmth you had, the laughter.

Oh, I will fly with you out of the reach
Of chilling gusts from flitting spirit wings,
And warm you at my heart, and each to each
Clasped, you'll recall the old forgotten things.

Sunshine and steaming woods and singing seas,
Lamplight, and children playing with their toys,
Home and home's garden-beds and orchard trees,
And pulses beating faster for a voice.

These you'll remember, and recalling, ponder,
And we will kiss again in lover fashion,
Until the angels stand around in wonder,
And tremble at the greatness of our passion.

W. G. S.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Memories." By the Right Hon. Lord Redesdale. (Hutchinson. 2 vols. 32s. net.)
 "A History of France." By J. R. Moreton Macdonald. (Methuen. 3 vols. 22s. 6d. net.)
 "The Caliph's Last Heritage." By Sir Mark Sykes. (Macmillan. 20s. net.)
 "Recollections and Reflections." By the Right Rev. J. E. C. Welldon. (Cassell. 12s. net.)
 "The Poetical Works of Lionel Johnson." (Elkin Mathews. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "Memories of a Publisher, 1865-1915." By G. H. Putnam. (Putnams. 9s. net.)
 "Samuel Coleridge Taylor, Musician: His Life and Letters." By W. B. Sayers. (Cassell. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "Italian Leaders of To-Day." By Helen Zimmern. (Williams & Norgate. 5s. net.)
 "The Last Prince." By Frances Hodgson Burnett. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

It was the opinion of a famous French poet that a man ought to be satisfied if he succeeded in writing one good epigram. The supply of good epigrams no less than that of good epics falls short of the demand, but I am surprised that so hurried an age as ours has neglected the epigram as a literary form. Both its brevity and its force as a controversial weapon of offence and defence, ought to commend it to our generation. That its palmy days were in the more leisurely eighteenth century is evident from a glance at a little collection of epigrams, recently published by Mr. R. M. Leonard in the series of "Oxford Garlands." In making his selection, Mr. Leonard falls back on the definition in the "Oxford Dictionary"—"a short poem ending in a witty or ingenious turn of thought, to which the rest of the composition is intended to lead up." But de Yriarte's definition is the classical one:—

"The qualities rare in a bée that we meet,
 In an epigram never should fail:
 The body should always be little and sweet,
 And a sting should be left in its tail."

Coleridge, who lost a legacy for writing an epigram on his grandmother's beard, has defined it in fewer words:—

"What is an Epigram? A dwarfish whole,
 Its body brevity, and wit its soul."

ACCORDING to the modern view, an epigram should always have a spice of malice, but this is rejected by Lander, undoubtedly the greatest of English epigrammatists. This, for example—

"Stand close around, ye Stygian set,
 With Dirce in one boat conveyed,
 Or Charon, seeing, may forget
 That he is old, and she a shade."

is simply a charming little poem. The "sting" may be a necessary part of an epigram, but it need not be sarcastic or malicious; enough if it is witty. The following, by Coventry Patmore, fulfils all the canons of the art:—

"I saw you take his kiss!" 'Tis true.
 'O, modesty!' 'Twas strictly kept:
 He thought me asleep; at least, I knew
 He thought I thought he thought I slept."

HUMAN nature is so constituted that a touch of malice, like the mixture of a lie, doth ever add pleasure, and the most popular epigrams are the sarcastic ones. In France they have always been recognized as a weapon of war, and from Voltaire to Victor Hugo most of the great men of letters have used the form. Mr. Leonard's English examples deal with all the stock subjects—matrimonial, amatory, political, failure in the arts, lawyers, doctors, parsons, poets, and so forth—but most have an old-fashioned air, and many were mixed with more vinegar than salt. A few are worth quoting. This is on a burglary at a vicarage:—

"They came and priggd my stockings, and my linen and my store;
 But they could not prig my sermons, for they were priggd before."

And Lander's on the British soldiers in the Crimea:—

"Hail, ye indomitable heroes, hail!
 Despite of all your generals, ye prevail."

And this by J. K. Stephen, addressed to Shakspeare:—

"You wrote a line too much, my sage,
 Of seers the first, and first of sayers,
 For only half the world's a stage,
 And only all the women players."

Mr. J. S. Drennan's epitaph on an attorney, to be found in "Kottabos," is omitted by Mr. Leonard, though it is one of the best and briefest epigrams against that maligned profession:—

"Here lies Mr. Quirek—
 Still at the ould work!"

PUNS are a favorite device of the epigrammatist, and Canon Ainger combined a pun and a compliment in the following reference to M. Jusserand's "English Wayfaring Life in the Middle Ages":—

"A Frenchman straying into English fields
 Of letters, seldom has a *locus standi*.
 But if there's one to whom objection yields,
 'Tis Jusserand—he has the *jus errandi*."

Ainger was less successful in an effort on Taine's "Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise":—

"Our English critics their dull wits keep straining,
 When—enter Taine!—and all is entertaining."

LITERARY criticism has often found expression in epigrams. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu summed up Lyttelton's "Advice to a Daughter" in a neat couplet:—

"Be plain in dress, and sober in your diet;
 In short, my dearie, kiss me and be quiet."

Everybody remembers Thorold Rogers's famous couplet on the Oxford historians:—

"See! ladling butter from alternate tubs,
 Stubbs butters Freeman, Freeman butters Stubbs."

Stubbs rejoined with an estimate of Froude and Kingsley:—

"Froude informs the Scottish youth
 That parsons do not care for truth.
 The Reverend Canon Kingsley cries
 'History is a pack of lies.'
 What cause for judgments so malign?
 A brief reflection solves the mystery—
 Froude believes Kingsley a divine,
 And Kingsley goes to Froude for history."

Another historical controversy was touched on by B. H. Kennedy in his lines on Dr. Wordsworth, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, who wrote a book called "Who Wrote 'Icon Basilike'?"—

"Who wrote *Who wrote Icon Basilike*?
 'I,' said the Master of Trinity,
 'With my small ability,
 I wrote *Who wrote Icon Basilike*?'"

If epigram has fallen out of fashion, it is by no means dead, and in proof I quote from memory one by Mr. J. C. Squire, which is as good as anything in Mr. Leonard's book. Its language will of course offend the believers in tribal deities against whom it is directed:—

"God heard the embattl'd nations strive and shout:
 'Gott strafe England!' and 'God save the King!'
 God this, God that, and God the other thing.
 'Good God,' said God, 'I have my work cut out.'"

And this is an estimate of Mr. Bernard Shaw by a Chicago (or should it be Chicagoan?) poet:—

"Let critics chew your plays, and find
 Fit matter for their trade of whacking:
 Let pundits analyze your mind,
 And say that this or that is lacking.
 "For critic sass or pundit gas
 I do not care a week-old cruller;
 I only know that when you pass,
 This world will be a damsite duller."

By way of annotation, I may add that a work of reference defines "sass" as almost the equivalent for the English word "sauce" in the sense of impudence, and that a "cruller" is a small sweet cake.

PENGUIN.

Reviews.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN.

"The South Americans." By W. H. KOEBEL. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

It is not the most unknown, Spanish America is the least familiar portion of the globe to the average Englishman. People who know the uttermost parts of China, have travelled in Central Asia, or in Borneo, and are familiar with these countries and their peoples, yet display the most extraordinary ignorance of South America. To some, even to-day, it is a land of little states, inhabited by "greasers." They have no idea what a "greaser" is, but yet they do not hesitate to insult some forty millions of their fellow men by indiscriminately applying it, as if it were a compliment. These are the readers of the "cow-puncher" romances that fill the North American magazines. Others again, readers of novels treating of the sea, lump all the South Americans as Dagos, and think they have shown ethnological acumen by it. Some know the type of South American of Paris restaurants; his boots too pointed and well fitting; his hat too shiny; his jewelry a little too resplendent, and his general air of being fed on gold. The City man knows the concession-monger or the floater of a loan.

Rare tourists rush through the continent, stopping a day or two in Buenos Aires, which they call "Bonos Aares," or "Buenos Arees," take the trans-central railway, and then by way of Chile and Peru, recross by Panama, and home to Balham, conscious that they have deserved well of themselves and of the world. Some few visit Lake Titicaca, and fewer still the Lago Argentino, and scarcely any of them know twenty words of Spanish, or can exchange thoughts with a "native" but by the medium of bad French. These are the adventurous ones, "les vieux qu'ont moult roulés, en Palestine et autres lieux," as one may put it. For the rest, the South Americans are either blood-thirsty revolutionaries to a man, or else swingers in hammocks, waited on by slaves, or men who pass their lives on horseback, lassoing wild bulls.

The women wear no stays, smoke cigarettes, are loose in conduct, have a slight moustache, and go about in slippers and loose dressing-gowns, and are delighted to have love affairs with foreigners whose language they do not understand.

The climate is tropical, and the scenery that of the drop-scene of a theatre. In those favored lands all men are liars, and in the intervals of cutting throats their relaxation is to cheat all foreigners.

To all these views, the present work comes as a corrective, a purifying bath, and a compendium in which our countrymen can learn something about some of the most interesting peoples in the world.

Although the book is called "The South Americans," it deals with all the phases of progress made in the last five-and-twenty years throughout the continent. Land, minerals, ports, the cattle trade, flora and fauna, railways, the river systems, politics, and architecture all have their place in it.

Luckily, there are few figures—figures that are the *ignis fatuus* of so many bookmakers; figures that seem so mind-convincing, and yet are often so fallacious when one wants to draw conclusions from them. Certainly, at the end there are two modest pages of them, all about imports and exports, trade and population; but they are not obtrusive, and the reader of the book can draw his own conclusions from them, if he is so inclined. If an expanding trade is the sure sign of national happiness, clearly the four countries, the figures of whose trade are tabulated, should be amongst the happiest in the world.

Yet still a doubt creeps in whether expanding trade is the sure test of happiness, for recently I have revisited some of the countries of the River Plate that I knew thirty years ago, and it appears to me that they were happier then. True, they were not so rich. Certain it is that journeys which in those days took weeks can now be made in days. Villages have blossomed into towns, and

towns into capitals, ablaze with light, where once was darkness after sunset only made manifest by a few oil lamps.

Wealth has increased, but so has poverty; for without poverty no riches can exist under our present dispensation; and I had almost said that without riches there can be no poverty, for both go hand in hand.

In this connection the author's remarks upon the social status of the worker are most interesting. "In the average country of South America (he says) the employer, much as he does now elsewhere in the world, approaches the worker cap in hand." In this I think his observation is at fault. It was so thirty years ago, when labor of all kinds was scarce, when poverty scarcely existed, and beggars were unknown. To-day a man can starve in Buenos Aires almost as easily as in London, Paris, or Berlin, for labor has become most plentiful, and wealth has increased to an enormous extent. True, there are strikes, and Socialism is a force that all must reckon with, especially when led by such a man as Dr. Mario Bravo. This applies, of course, solely to Buenos Aires, for in many of the other republics the worker is reduced by "peonage" almost to the condition of a slave. Still, all that the author writes is interesting and authoritative upon the great and permanent war between capital and labor, that will endure long after the memory of the struggles on the Aisne and on the Marne shall have faded into the mist of history.

The chapter on the literature of the South Americas is illuminating, and will no doubt astonish many who probably have thought that such a thing as literature was non-existent in lands of "saladeros," colossal fortunes, trackless forests, and populations steeped in ignorance. Writers there are by scores, especially in Bogota, which may be called the Athens of Spanish America. In that favored city poets abound, and he who does not write is as distinguished by his singularity as a man without a military title of some sort between the "corn-belts" and the Pacific slope. Spanish Americans, up to the present time, are almost in the same positions as were English-speaking Americans up to five-and-twenty years ago. Though many write, there is but little that is distinctive of the soil. Andrés Bello, certainly, was a poet of renown; but, as has been observed, he was a "humanist inspired by Virgil," and, therefore, followed pretty closely all the methods of Castile. Olmedo, Marmol, and Cecilio Acosta, born respectively in Venezuela and the Argentine, fall into the same category. Possibly the poet who is best known is Ruben Dario, born in Nicaragua. His verse is facile and occasionally striking; but he has modelled himself largely on the French decadents, and therefore cannot claim to be American; that is, as a poet, for the mere accident of a poet's birth little affects his school. The same applies to Leopoldo Lugones, another poet born in the Argentine. His verses, polished and pleasant, might just as easily have been written in Madrid.

Rodó, the author of the prose works "Motivos de Pretezo" and "Ariel," has a fine classic moralizing style, with something of the lay preacher in the composition of his mind. Still, there is nothing in his work distinctive of America or of the birth of a new literature racy of the soil. This can be looked for up to the present time alone in the rhymes or verses of the Gaucho poets in the Argentine and a few writers in Colombia, such as the author of the well-known "El Cultivo del Maiz" and others who have written in the curious Spanish spoken by the Indians.

In the Argentine, the names of Ascasubi, Sarmiento, José Hernandez, and Estanislao del Campo almost constitute a school. In Cuba, too, a school of native novelists, with Alberto Insua at their head, has begun to show distinctive traits. The chapter on South American contemporary literature is one of the most interesting in the book, and one which should especially interest English readers who wish to form a sane idea of the Spanish Americans of to-day.

The whole book, dealing as it does with almost every aspect of life in South America, with mineral wealth, ports, railways, riverine communication, and racial questions, cannot fail to be of the greatest interest to all those who, when the war is over, must look for markets in new fields, and in countries which are not exhausted by the gigantic struggle now afoot. If it dispels some of the ignorance and prejudice still so remarkable amongst us, in regard to South America,

it will have done its work. Should it succeed in awakening interest other than commercial in countries, some of which are amongst the most remarkable of the whole world, it will have done some service.

Much of the prejudice, other than that natural to those who have invested money unremuneratively in South America, or have been "bitten" in any of the wild-cat loans, if such an adjective can be applied to loans, arises from mere misapprehension, and from the differing point of view of life between the Briton and the South American.

National manners are a fruitful source of national misunderstanding. The Englishman, when he is civil, often seems to think civility is due as from himself to the man to whom he speaks. In Latin races civility comes from self-respect. Such men are civil, for they think they owe it to themselves to be so, for the man who is rude can have no pride in his own status, for only bores are rude.

Let this once filter through, and much of that misunderstanding so frequent when Englishmen and South Americans meet for any other reason than mere chaffering in markets, soon will disappear. Much of the book appears to me to be written to that end.

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

D'ANNUNZIO'S NEW PLAY.

"The Honeysuckle: A Play." By GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO. Translated by CECILE SARTORIS and GABRIELE ENTHOVEN. (Heinemann. 3s. 6d. net.)

It is through his early works that D'Annunzio is best known to English readers, particularly through the novel first translated for us, "The Child of Pleasure," and, to a lesser extent, "The Victim" and "The Triumph of Death." He made his literary *début* as a poet, and as a very young man he set himself to make of fiction an art comparable to the art of poetry—a mode of self-expression controlled, as he conceived it, by style. He studied the cadences of Plato, and loved to quote the words of Socrates, and he assimilated much from the English Platonist, Walter Pater. But the philosophy of Plato he did not adopt; "his (Socrates') faith in the demon," he says in "The Virgins of the Rocks," "was none other than the mysteriously significant power of style, inviolable by any, even in his own person." It was by means of style that even the apparent trivialities of life were to be resolved into a "series of harmonies," and shown for what they are to a man of fine and subtle sense.

His subject in his earlier novels was that *fin de siècle* Italian life as he knew it thirty and twenty years ago. Life was a series of sensations, touching the palate lightly, or impinging upon body and soul with a passionate intensity; a twisted thread to be unravelled tenderly and wrought into an embroidery. It was the emotion of love, nearly always, that made the substance of the plot and filled the atmosphere; but there was also a multitude of minute objects, material things, which were significantly noticed, dwelt upon, absorbed into the picture, so that often what the northerner would think of as a trivial emotion, or an ugly emotion, became, in this setting, a new, strange, fascinating thing—not merely the warm froth of the south, but an emblem created from it.

Judged by his earlier works, D'Annunzio has been regarded, in England at any rate, as a voluptuous materialist, a cynic, at the most an Epicurean, who made, it is true, of material things a joy for the spirit, but was serious only when contemplating the passion of love or refining beautiful objects. But this does not sufficiently describe even the earlier D'Annunzio. In "The Child of Pleasure" he was, indeed, limited by his theme, and it was the first essay in fiction of a youth of twenty-five. But in "The Virgins of the Rocks," published seven years later (in 1896), he has given us a mystical vision of three women who incarnate for him not merely three lovers, or three temperaments, but the straining of the human soul now towards the past, now towards a keener and more zestful activity, now towards religion; and the practical and the mystical are blended in a work which is not so much a novel as a singularly successful prose poem.

In "The Honeysuckle," a play now first translated into English, he has gone far beyond those early works, and perhaps even beyond his most famous play, "Gioconda." Perhaps it is only in the superman villain of the piece that we can trace that actual personality which is accused of entering again and again into his works; and if it is indeed the same, it is created with strangely ironical intention, and we must read a double significance into the words of the poisoner and seducer, who has been stabbed by his victims—"No one knows, no one understands: these poor, perplexed women." On the whole, the treatment is far more objective than is usual with him. Each of the half-dozen characters is definite, self-contained, perfectly human, but otherwise unlike anyone else in the world—with the exception, that is, of the principal character, Aude, who reminds us here and there of Hedda Gabler, and could scarcely have existed if Ibsen had not prepared the way.

The plot is, in its essentials, that of Hamlet, borrowed, in all probability, intentionally. This does not imply plagiarism any more than it was plagiarism in the Greek tragedians to repeat again and again the story of Agamemnon. "Hamlet" is built upon a world-plot which, in the right hands, might be treated a hundred times and in a hundred different ways. But the Hamlet in this case is a girl, nineteen years of age, who hoards in her soul the memory of her father's death. She has come back now, with her brother and his wife, to their old home. The stones of the house that she knew as a girl seem to speak to her. Brooding over her father's death and her mother's marriage with his dearest friend, she begins to see things in another aspect, to apprehend a ghastly truth. The ghost of Hamlet's father is represented, in this case, as a kind of mysterious intuition, though she speaks with precision of a certain mirror in which her dreams take shape, and of "rappings" in the night, and a presence and a message which become certainties. She is consumed with the knowledge that her father was poisoned by the man whom her mother married.

The play opens with a contrast between this brooding, introspective girl and another girl, known as "the swallow," a wholly charming, poetical creation of light, happiness, and beauty and unspoiled youth. This exquisite, bird-like figure comes in from time to time for no other purpose than to afford relief, and to bring out the sweeter side of Aude's troubled nature. As the swallow goes out Aude's sister-in-law, Helissent, comes in, to break the news that her husband, Ivain, wishes to restore his mother to the home, and with her, if need be, his step-father, Pierre Dagon. It does not yet appear that Aude knows that Pierre was a murderer. She speaks in language unintelligible to Helissent of her presentiment which never fails, of the memories enshrined in the stones of the house. "It seems as if the whole house is holding its breath. It no longer breathes. You do not feel it? . . . I know nothing, and I divine all." Helissent, impatient and suspicious, tells her that she has a "passion for suffering," for tormenting herself; that she is "ill with the spring-time"; that she is hard, and will not forgive her mother for having "consoled herself." And as they dispute, Aude's brother, Ivain, appears, "a beautiful child, born of music," whose life is made up of delight in his wife, and in the organ which he plays divinely, and in filial affection.

Aude, confronted with her mother, torn with emotion, but setting a kind of fierce restraint upon herself, resists her mother's frightened pleadings, and when at length Pierre appears, she accuses him roundly of seeking to "plunder the house a second time." Pierre is a clever, plausible, self-satisfied man, who repents no action that he has ever taken, and can justify everything to the contentment of his own nature. At this stage we still suspect that Aude is suffering from morbid suspicion, from a nervous malady, from thwarted energy, from that sort of conviction or infatuation which we used to attribute to the finer types of militant suffragette. It is thus that Pierre Dagon explains her. "She is a strange creature," he says, "not without power and beauty. It would be a great pity if she were to be lost. But she lives only by the fictions that are born in her heart, and each one, in her, seems to have a semblance of necessity." . . . "She had within her so ardent a desire to be understood and to understand, that her fervor resembled at times those birds which dash themselves against the lenses of a lighthouse, and break their wings without shutting their

eyes." . . . "What good this pain does me!" was one of her precocious, mystical sayings. . . . It is the teaching of a martyr. . . . I believe that martyrdom is the true vocation of that child."

It is only gradually, as the story takes us into the second and third Acts, that we realize that Aude really has this faculty of discerning truth. The atmosphere becomes more tense as we watch the conflict between her tragic temperament and the coarse nature of Helissent, who is already being seduced by this Pierre; the conflict between Aude and her mother, who knew nothing of the poisoning, and is anxious to regain her daughter's affection; and the still keener conflict between Aude and Pierre, who, completely unmasked, retains his pride and self-complacency in the consciousness of a murder which he justifies to himself. At the end it is not Aude who kills him, but her mother, who snatches the weapon from her, and, goaded on by her daughter, stabs him in the breast. It is then that Pierre exclaims: "No one knows, no one understands. These poor perplexed women." And somehow or other we have a feeling that the author has concocted the whole play in order to put us all in the wrong, and make life a little ridiculous, and tragedy inane; as if, for a moment, he would so completely mock at life that he would not merely, like Mr. Shaw, make ordinary conventions absurd, but would even ask us, after arousing all the emotions peculiar to tragedy, to question that in ourselves which allows us to be moved by tragedy at all. It is, we suppose, no more than a passing moment of doubt in the author's mind, left as a mere touch of tragic irony to make the tragedy more complete. And complete it is—so complete, indeed, that we are more profoundly impressed by this play than by any of the author's previous works. /

THE SPIRIT OF CAPITALISM.

"The Quintessence of Capitalism." By WERNER SOMBART. Translated and Edited by M. EPSTEIN, M.A., Ph.D. (Fisher Unwin. 15s. net.)

The author of this book, when he at length arrives at the last chapter, is struck by the thought that on many readers its effect will be "to produce a troubled feeling within them." We confess to being one of them, but the troubled feeling is not caused, as Herr Sombart flatters himself, by the novelty of his material or by the striking originality of his thought; it is caused by the diffuseness and vagueness of Herr Sombart's mind. He belongs to the same school as that master of pseudo-philosophy, pseudo-history, and pseudo-science, Mr. Houston Chamberlain. In each there is the same pretentiousness, the same ponderous verbosity, the same display of learning; each is continually dangling before his reader's intelligence some extraordinarily original thought, which is just upon the point of being proved or enunciated, when it either skips away like a Will-o'-the-wisp to another chapter, or else explodes about our heads, like a rocket, in a perfect shower of vague generalizations. In either case the reader is left "with a troubled feeling" as to where exactly the illuminating thought has got to.

Apparently Herr Sombart intends this book to be a scientific dissertation upon "the capitalist spirit." He is never absolutely clear in his mind what the capitalist spirit is. Sometimes he appears to mean by it the spirit of the capitalist system of industry; more often it is merely the spirit of the modern business man. Thus, the sub-title of the translation informs us that the book is a study of the history and psychology of the modern business man. The business man is also identified with the bourgeois, and the bourgeois soul or the capitalist spirit is said to be a compound of the soul of the undertaker and the soul of the respectable middle-class man.

Most of the book is occupied with showing us exactly what the condition of the soul of the undertaker and the soul of the respectable middle-class man was in each century since the Middle Ages, and the effect upon them of Religion, the State, Philosophy, &c. When this has been achieved with the help of a learned and lavish quotation from innumerable famous and obscure authors, we are expected to understand what the spirit of capitalism is, and how it has been produced. That we do not understand is due to the facts, first, that it is never possible to be certain

what Herr Sombart means in any particular passage by capital and capitalism; secondly, that he never seems capable of refraining from writing down every thought which comes into his head, so that his book has the faults (without the merits) of "The Anatomy of Melancholy" or "Tristram Shandy"; thirdly, that his method of argument so often consists in proving an assumption by a further assumption, and a hypothesis by a further hypothesis.

In this last characteristic his resemblance to Mr. Houston Chamberlain is most striking, both in the kinds of generalization which he sets out to prove and in his method of proving them. Almost any page taken at random will furnish an example. Thus, on page 219, he wishes to prove that what he calls blood-admixture had important effects in Europe from the time of the Middle Ages by eliminating those elements in the population which did not make for the capitalist type, and by developing those elements which did make for it. In order to do this, he says frankly that "it is necessary to assume that, as a general rule, when nobles and commoners intermarried, the blood of the latter was the stronger, and prevailed." In no other way, he proceeds, is it possible to account for a man like Alberti, whom he always takes as the typical bourgeois. For the Albertis were "among the highest and purest of the Germanic nobility in Tuscany, spending their lives in martial undertakings." (The reader of Mr. Chamberlain will be amused to see that Herr Sombart shares his amiable habit of categorically declaring of any famous inhabitant of Northern Italy that he was of "the highest and purest Germanic" descent.) Alberti's own clan had "intermarried with distinguished Germanic noble families," but, defeated in a local quarrel, they moved from the family estate and settled in Florence. There they joined the Guild of the Giudici, and became the most famous drapers in the town, and their descendant, Leon Battista, "wrote a book second to none in its bourgeois sentiments. How many shopkeeper families must have crossed the noble breed to produce a result like this? In Leon Battista's own case the crossing was certain; he was an illegitimate child, and born in Venice. His mother must have been a woman of the middle class sprung from a trading stock." It will be seen how, in this argument of Herr Sombart, one assumption is used to bolster up another, until the reader is almost hypnotized into regarding all of them as established facts. The fact that Alberti was a typical bourgeois makes it, he says, necessary to assume that, when noble and commoner intermarried, the blood of the latter prevailed. One naturally expects that it is at least certain that Alberti was himself a product of the intermarriage of nobles and commoners; but no, this also is only assumed, because the production of so typical a bourgeois must have been due to the crossing of noble and commoner. Then we are told that in Alberti's case the crossing was certain; but the certainty turns out again to be a mere assumption, and an assumption which implies that the mother of every illegitimate child born in Venice must be a woman of the middle class, sprung from a trading stock.

It is impossible to treat seriously arguments conducted in this way, and two-thirds of the book are occupied by such arguments. It is to be regretted that Herr Sombart did not prune his work down until it consisted only of the other one-third. For it is only fair to say that every now and then he shows a very considerable power of psychological analysis, and a keen eye for the important causes of a complicated sociological condition. Thus he sees that the thing which chiefly differentiates the existing capitalist system of industry from the pre-capitalist system is that the former is organized for profit, the latter for consumption or use. Whenever he develops this theme, he has something valuable to say, as, for instance, when he shows how money-lending, which, "as such has nothing to do with producing for consumption," played a special rôle in the development of the capitalist spirit.

THE CHURCH AND THE WAR.

"Church and Nation." By the Rev. WILLIAM TEMPLE. (Macmillan. 2s. 6d. net.)

MR. TEMPLE's lectures present a marked contrast to the somewhat maundering pietism of the theologians of the press.

For more than a year these gentlemen have been improving the occasion in our leading dailies. We read of the "Mobilization of Faith"; an ex-M.P. discusses "God and the War" in a Sunday pictorial; while a popular preacher inquires, in the largest type, "Has Christianity Collapsed?" Mr. Temple stands on another plane. For him, as for so many of us, the war has meant disillusionment and revision of standpoint. Before the fatal August, 1914, social problems absorbed him; he was prepared to stake a good deal on what seemed to him the improbability of any outbreak of European war. "For all who took this view the events of recent months have, perhaps, involved a greater re-shaping of fundamental notions than was required by people who had thought probable such a catastrophe as that in which we are now involved."

Two popular religious conceptions in particular have been hopelessly discredited: (1) The principle of non-resistance—the war has brought home to the most convinced pacifists the fact that, in our present stage of civilization, non-resistance would be the break-up of society; and (2) the conception of God as an all-powerful Ruler standing outside the world and governing it from without. Mr. Temple does not touch on the second and more important; but on the first he says much that is suggestive and to the point. We are yet children; and

"for us there must always be some use of the lower method, because we are incapable of applying the highest. If any man, when he is confronted with evil which he can prevent by the exercise of force, refrains from doing it, we must immediately put to him the question, 'But did you so suffer under that act of evil that there is any hope of your suffering proving to be the redemption of the evil-doer?' If so, well and good; but, if not, then you are idle and cowardly, not Christian." No one who is not a Christian in spirit can perform the Christian act; and the Sermon on the Mount is not a code of rules to be mechanically followed; it is the description of the life which any man will spontaneously lead when once the Spirit of Christ has taken complete possession of his heart."

Or, from another point of view—Life is a whole; and God is in contact with it not only in religion, but in civilization, in society and in men. Now a society which acted consistently on the ethics of non-resistance would commit suicide: at home a prey to the criminal classes, abroad to its unscrupulous neighbors, and, precluded from self-defence by its principles, it would inevitably disappear. To suppose that God intended this is to make Him the author, not of peace, but of confusion, the destroyer of the work of His hands. Hence the conviction that this country was "morally bound to declare war, and is no less bound to carry the war to a decisive issue," is not inconsistent with the belief "that the war is an outcome and a revelation of the un-Christian principles which have dominated the life of Western Christendom, and of which both the Church and the nation have need to repent," or with the conclusion "that Christians are bound to recognize the insufficiency of mere compulsion for overcoming evil, and to place supreme reliance on spiritual forces, and in particular on the power and method of the Cross." Here, indeed, common-sense confirms the judgment of religion. The most complete victory over the German armies would not avert what is called the German peril. In this matter force is no remedy—though it may be, and, we believe, is, a preliminary to the application of the remedy; the cure must come from a radical change in the temper of the German people—that is, from within.

A less satisfactory feature in these Lectures is Mr. Temple's apparent gravitation towards the sectarian conception of the Church which finds favor in pietistic and official Anglican circles. Passages, indeed, occur which look in another direction; but the set of the tide is clear. The Lambeth Quadrilateral, he says, "defined authoritatively": "We must maintain that our Order"—i.e., the episcopal form of Church government—"is for us the only possible Order for the re-united Church": the principle of "open" communion is repudiated: "I am quite sure that the Communion is just the place where we need to be divided until our unity is real"—i.e., till non-episcopalians accept episcopacy; and with Dr. Headlam, while he avoids the word "invalid," it would "be a great advantage (he tells

us) if we were to speak of non-episcopal Orders and Sacraments as 'irregular,' which we know they are." By a certain paradoxical Nemesis the revised doctrine of "Orders" which he endorses is the one theory of that vexed question on which it seems impossible to defend the Orders of the English Church. If the ministerial commission is inherent in the Christian community as such, the Orders of the Reformed Churches—the Church of England among them—are unimpeachable. If the traditional teaching as to the Sacrament of Holy Orders is accepted, it is difficult for a Roman Catholic theologian to frame an indictment of Anglican Orders which is not equally fatal to his own. But if we are told that "it is the living body which gives authority to its Orders; it is not the possession of valid Orders which gives authority to the body," we ask where and what was this "living body" in the first year of Queen Elizabeth? Not the Church, for not a single bishop holding an English see could be induced to consecrate Parker; not the nation, upon two-thirds of which the Reformation settlement was imposed by force or fear.

The medieval conception of the unity of civil and religious society was modified, as it affects the relation of Church and State, by the Reformation; there are now many Churches; there had been one Church. But in the case of a national Church it retains its validity. The State does not select a particular Church for establishment; the Church is the nation on its religious side. Only in so far as this ideal is approximately realized can the principle of Establishment be defended; only in so far as the Church expresses the best mind and conscience of the nation as a whole, rather than of any section of it, lay or clerical, can its exceptional position be maintained. The theory of the distinction between the two societies leads straight to Disestablishment and to the overthrow of national religion. Also, which is more important, it leads, as we see in Roman Catholic countries, to decadence in the Church and secularism in the State. While in the face of a great emergency, such as the present war, it breaks down, and the advantages which it promised are seen to be illusory. The Catholic Bavarians have shown themselves as brutal and, strange as it may seem, as sacrilegious as the Protestant Prussians. "No practical man dreams of turning to the Church to find the way out from the intolerable situation into which the nations have drifted," admits Mr. Temple. It is without, not within, the Churches that the highest note in religion is struck.

THE COMMON ROUND.

"Lost Face." By JACK LONDON. (Mills & Boon. 6s.)

"The Pearl-Fishers." By H. DE VEE STACPOOLE. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

"Old Delahoe." By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. (Heinemann. 6s.)

"The Later Life." By LOUIS COUPERUS. (Heinemann. 6s.)

A LESS "literary" writer than Mr. Jack London, it would be difficult, even in these days of extra-literary contrivances, to parallel. His effects are not those of the artist, but of the backwoodsman. He does not conceive a definite idea in his mind, work it into its appropriate mould, and then display it with fastidious symmetry before his readers. He simply kicks his material on to the page, and there lets it lie. Even when Mr. London, in corduroys, and with pick-axe over his shoulders, comes to quarry upon the lower slopes of Helicon, it is with an ingenuous disregard of art, that compels wonder if not admiration. For instance:—

"It was a wonderfully beautiful face, unearthly, I may say, with a light in it, or an expression of something 'that was never on land or sea.'"

It is impossible to take offence at such a misquotation. There is something naive about it, that appeals to one's untutored sentiments. We are not sure that there is not an element of virtue in the frank savagery of Mr. London's work. We know where we are with him; we are not irritated by counterfeit pretensions and presumptions to a half-baked artistry. Compare him with Mr. Locke. Both of them have a turn for vagabondish literature, but you do not see Mr. London's swashbucklers hewing a path through the impenetrable scrub with a fish-knife, clad in evening-dress,

HELP OUR PRISONERS OF WAR IN GERMANY.

"I was in prison and ye came unto me."

THE Royal Savoy Association urgently appeals for funds in order to continue the purchase and despatch of a weekly supply of necessities and comforts to relieve the sufferings of 500 British Prisoners in Germany. The Association is anxious to send a special present for Christmas, and it has now become necessary to provide a fresh supply of clothing, so that its resources are taxed to the uttermost.

In every instance great care is exercised to ascertain that only necessitous cases are dealt with; and to prevent overlapping, all names are submitted to the Prisoners of War Help Committees.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of five parcels, all of which have arrived in splendid condition, during the past months (fortnightly). They have contained everything that one could desire, and I must say that I have enjoyed them very much. I sincerely thank you for your kindness, and trust you will forgive me for not acknowledging before, as our correspondence is limited.

I remain,
Yours very gratefully,
A. J. S.

DEAR SIR,—Just a line on behalf of my husband, a prisoner of war interned at R—. Thank you for the kindness you have shown in sending him parcels of food. I only wish I could send him more, but I have a little girl to keep and myself, and we are only allowed 9s. 6d. a week. I send him one when I can afford it. Well, dear friend, my husband wrote and asked me to thank you for what you have done for him. They are only allowed to write so often. Again I thank you, and hope you will have every success in life.

Yours truly, J— B—.

Numerous postcards expressing deep gratitude are being received daily, and afford ample proof that the parcels sent out have safely reached those for whom they were intended.

The Parcels, value 7/6, include everything that is known to be necessary for the welfare and comfort of the prisoners.

Any sum, large or small, will be gratefully received by
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The Daily News

has a unique record amongst London daily papers in regard to signed articles on the war.

Its special features have included contributions by

Viscount Bryce	A. G. Gardiner
Thomas Hardy	Romain Rolland
Bernard Shaw	E. F. Benson
Arnold Bennett	A. E. W. Mason
H. G. Wells	Anthony Hope
Joseph Conrad	Erskine Childers
J. K. Jerome	G. M. Trevelyan
Emile Verhaëren	Maurice Leblanc
John Galsworthy	Eden Phillpotts
Alfred Noyes	"Geo. A. Birmingham"
Sasha Kropotkin	Prof. T. M. Kettle
Sir Edwin Pears	Justin Huntly McCarthy
Rt. Hon. G. W. E. Russell	Richard le Gallienne

And other well known Writers.

**A HALFPENNY MORNING
PAPER OF DISTINCTION.**

THE STATE AND THRIFT

REBATE OF INCOME TAX ON
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THE STATE has shown its approval of Life Assurance as a means to National Thrift, by allowing a liberal rebate of Income Tax on Life Assurance Premiums. This concession applies equally to WHOLE LIFE ASSURANCE and ENDOWMENT ASSURANCES (within certain limits) on the life of the taxpayer or his wife. No other mode of investing money offers similar advantages.

A SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND
Policy, besides entitling to rebate of Income Tax at the present high rates, enables the Policyholder at once to restore the capital value of his investments by small annual payments out of income.

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and swinging a liqueur bottle at their sides. And behind the wild farrago of his style, Mr. London has, if an uncontrollable, a genuine energy, a genuine masculinity, far removed from the gentility of the gentleman-Berserk. His new book is not a novel, but a collection of seven short stories, with little plot or consecutive narrative about them, and describing the wrestlings of freebooters and pioneers with Nature along the uncharted wilderness of the Yukon. Most of the stories, therefore, are dramatizations of sheer endurance—a channel which, in spite of the restrictions of the short story method, gives the utmost scope to Mr. London's dynamo. Seven times they explode, and seven times their violence prevents us from estimating anything but the sheer fact of the concussions.

The commercial-popular novel is so often its own Nemesis. However exotic its atmosphere, outlandish its material, varied the locality, and wide the scope of its subject-matter, it cannot but revolve within its own orbit. Take "The Pearl-Fishers." Its setting is an uninhabited island in the South Seas, on which the hero, Floyd, a sailor, is wrecked. He finds there a German named Schumer, and whom we call a Polynesian "pearl-girl" Isbel, also wrecked. So, of course, they discover a pearl-fishery, and obtain the necessary labor for working it from a mutinous crew of Kanakas, who had murdered their white officers and drifted in a schooner into the bay of the island. Schumer leaves for Sydney to get funds for the exploitation, and naturally Floyd and Isbel are attacked by the natives at the psychological period by which the schooner might come back in the nick of time to rescue them. Then Floyd is induced to leave for Sydney, in order that Schumer and his new ship-owning partner, Hakluyt, might have the opportunity to plot his death. Floyd and an acquaintance, Cardon, conveniently encountered in Sydney, outmanoeuvre the conspirators, and, by meting out to Schumer the fate of burning alive, which he had designed for them, become the sole partners (with Isbel as a matrimonial investment) in an enormous fortune. It is not so much the mechanically coincidental neatness of the story which enforces the commercial-popular moral. It is the aims and psychology of the characters. If the author had treated their crude acquisitiveness, their bird-of-prey instincts, in a detached or ironical or farcical spirit, it would have been another matter. But the total lack of spiritual values, of humanity, of common human decency and disinterestedness seems to him the most natural thing in the world. If such stories were anything like a reflection of life, if, as Mr. Stacpoole quaintly expresses it, Floyd and his fellows were anything like "Man, standing or falling by his approach or recession to the type man," one would despair of mankind.

"Old Delabole" being a village in Cornwall, Mr. Phillpotts has shifted his scenario some miles further west. But in Wilberforce Retallack, the foreman of the slate-quarries, Edith, his daughter, Wesley Bake, her betrothed, the aged Sarah Sleep, Moses Bunt, Mr. Keats, the Nonconformist preacher, Sidney Narjalion, one of the workers, and Thomas Hawkey, the manager, we recognize the familiar figures of Dartmoor. The dialect is adapted to the new environment, but little else. As in a good many other of Mr. Phillpotts's novels, there is very little actual narrative, but an attempt to realize the atmosphere of the quarries. That, in our opinion, is a pity. The last thing Mr. Phillpotts can do is to communicate atmosphere. Mr. Phillpotts memorizes, observes, and records with a laudable conscientiousness; but life and reality elude him. Whether it be lack of personality, or spirit, or acuteness of perception and insight, or merely a mistaken method, he cannot, as far worse writers can, capture the interest of his reader.

M. Couperus's new novel might have been, we feel, much better than it is. It has an excellent subject—the old Dutch aristocracy in the persons of Henric van der Welcke, his middle-aged wife, Constance, his brother-in-law, van Naghel, and his family, disturbed and influenced by democracy in the person of the virile and visionary Brauws. Constance is the pivot of the book. Her intimacy with Brauws opens out to her new avenues of experience, suggesting new values in her relations with her childish,

irresponsible husband, and her porcelain niece, Marianne, who is in love with her uncle, van der Welcke, as he with her. Constance ultimately decides not to go away with Brauws, but for the sake of her son, Addie, to maintain and permeate with a more benignant spirit the integrity of her home-life. Constance is the only living figure in the book; the rest are mere paste-board, with their appropriate labels. But the real blemish of the book is a diffuse style, overwhelmed with avalanches of asterisks. The story is never allowed to keep a steady progression. At every salient point, the author, instead of husbanding and correlating his resources, wastes them in interminable moral disquisitions. Whether that be the fault of the author or his translator, Mr. Teixeira de Mattos, we cannot say; but it certainly plays havoc with a book otherwise restrained in its realism and full of illuminating and suggestive sidelights.

TWO BY TWO.

"Dark Rosaleen." By M. E. FRANCIS. (Cassell, 6s.)

"Susan Proudleigh." By HERBERT G. DE LISSER. (Methuen, 6s.)

"The White Countess." By G. F. TURNER. (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.)

"The Gates of Sorrow." By MARIE C. LEIGHTON. (Ward, Lock, 6s.)

NONE of these four volumes reaches the highest measure of achievement in the art of fiction; but two contain within their pages the explanation of its survival in a world where intelligence at times prevails; while the other two reveal at once the depth to which it can sink, and the reason why it does so. Were we to divagate at large upon the aim of the novelist, this whole number would not hold our speculations. One guess, however, may be hazarded to-day; it is that Mr. Turner and Mrs. Connor Leighton had no aim but to "amuse." Whether they have accomplished that or not is a mere affair of taste, over which we shall not linger, but pass on to "Dark Rosaleen" and "Susan Proudleigh." Now, Mrs. Blundell and Mr. de Lissier had doubtless also the aim of amusing, but in their resolve there was what we may call a certain arrogance—they intended to impose upon their readers their own view of what actually is worth reading about. In other words, they set out to reveal something, while the other pair set out to make up something; and in this latter exercise there lies, at bottom, a pathetic humility. For like the dog to whom nothing comes amiss if his master but ordain it, so are these writers and their kin to a public which, we must suppose, exists somewhere. "The White Countess" is of the school of post-Ruritanian romance, brought smartly up to date by entwining it with that already most fatigued, though new-born, cliché, "German Kultur." Were the end of the war desirable for no other reason, that it will "crush" this phrase should be enough to make us long for it by day and by night. . . . "The Gates of Sorrow" belongs to a still older type, the love-and-crime imbroglio, wherein "dark, distinguished young officers" woo flower-like, melancholy girls, with the villain waiting round the corner, and a guiltless mother, escaped from ten years' penal servitude, infesting every room that everyone so much as enters. . . . Of such books there is only nothing to say: criticism stands dumb before them.

Mrs. Blundell (M. E. Francis), whom we take to be of English birth and upbringing, has achieved the miracle, for a Sassenach, of understanding at least one phase of Ireland. Her theme is the "mixed marriage" of a Connaught peasant-girl and an Ulster-Protestant mechanic. The tragedy of her climax is, if not absolutely inherent in the theme, at least quite credible, and very deftly and sincerely manipulated. It comes, of course, through the child of the marriage—a son, worshipped by both parents, who must, by the Ne Temere decree, be brought up in his mother's faith. Such a wild and amazing scene as this complication brings about is not inconceivable in Ireland; our difficulty in wholly accepting it lies in the delineation of Hector McTavish rather than in the circumstances of the

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As the result of a recent strictly supervised test upon modern grates, it was found that the average consumption of coal per grate in the ordinary grate (eight grates were experimented upon in this particular test) was 34 lb. of coal for a period of 11 hours. On the following day one of the new fire mantles was placed in each of these same grates, and the coal consumption per grate for a period of 12 hours was then found to have been reduced to 19 lb. 3 oz., whilst the heat was greater.

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christening. For Hector, at first arrestingly real, alters with marriage and fatherhood too radically for the reader's conviction. Hector is the weakness of the book. Norah Burke, his bride, is its triumph. Not even the writers of the Irish renaissance have better caught the lovely innocence and fervor of the Western peasant-girl, nor that piety which is spontaneous as her breath, and no less essential to her being. In Norah's mother, Honor Burke, Mrs. Blundell has succeeded almost as remarkably; but there is a qualifying clause, for in the symbolism with which her figure is invested we find the only hint of defective understanding in this absorbing, true, and moving story. Honor is made to stand for Motherhood and Ireland, fused into one Demeter-like type. Shall we be understood when we say that in the imagination of Irish people Ireland does not, cannot, stand for motherhood? To an English writer, even to one so sympathetic as Mrs. Blundell, this will doubtless seem inexplicable. The cause lies deep; only a native plummet can sound those waters.

Mr. de Lisser has a method of his own, and a very ingenious and diverting one. With unshaken gravity, but no smallest parade of realism, he tells of the most ludicrous happenings and people as if they were the commonplaces of experience. His scene is Jamaica, with an interlude of Panama and the Culebra Cut; the personages are the lower ranks of Jamaica natives. Their speech, their manners, their outlook, are placed before us with no comment, no "explanation" at all; and the result is thoroughly convincing. Susan Proudleigh, beauty and practical woman, and her egregious lover, Samuel Josiah Jones, are the chief figures in the story, but the story is not the thing. The "things" are the cunning manner, and the unforgettable Mr. Proudleigh, Susan's father—an old man of the sea, as it were, who plumes himself on everything that other people accomplish. It is he who makes the book into the highly amusing thing it is. But it has a value, too—the value of a theme not only seen, but rendered close and clear to all who read by a method perfectly adapted to its aim of showing us humanity from an angle unfamiliar, we imagine, to many even of those who know Jamaica well.

The Week in the City.

STOCK MARKETS have been quite cheerful for the last few days, led by Canadian Pacifics. Rightly or wrongly, the big Canadian harvest and the high prices it will fetch are regarded as a set off to the financial burdens and economic strain which the war is imposing on Canada. Home Railways are recovering, and Argentines are strong. Monday's Bank Return was more favorable than last week, the reduction in the reserve being quite small. Unfortunately, there is no check on war expenditure, and another vote of credit is expected next week. Possibly the firmness of our Stock Markets is induced not so much by hopes of Greek assistance as by evidence of internal distress in Germany and of a real anxiety for peace. If there is anything at all in the rumors of peace negotiations, this would amply

account for a renewal of confidence and for speculative purchase of stocks that look cheap.

CANADIAN PACIFIC'S BUOYANT.

Attention was drawn a few weeks ago in this column to the strong improvement in Canadian Pacifics, but since then the rise has been so remarkable that no apology is required for returning so soon to the subject. Since the beginning of last month no less than 33 points have been added to the price. The recent movements of the security are seen below:—

June 30, 1914.	June 30, 1915.	Latest Quotation.
197	143½	202 13-16

Justification for the rise is found in the enormous crop, which is already being moved in record quantities by the Canadian Pacific, and the brighter prospects in Canada opened up by the bumper harvest and by increasing war orders for industrials. Nevertheless, since the price is now well above the level current before the war alarms began, investors should be cautious about buying now for a further rise. Grand Trunks have enjoyed a hardly less notable advance, and have been helped by excellent traffic returns. But the same remark applies there. It is quite possible that both securities may be carried considerably higher by American speculation, but the stage has been reached at which a purchase is distinctly risky.

SAVOY HOTEL SCHEME.

Among the many industries that have suffered from the war perhaps none have been harder hit than the large hotels, and especially is this the case with those situated in London, where the summer rush of American visitors usually provides a rich harvest. But there have been no tourists this season, and the increase in the price of provisions, the darkness of the London streets, restrictions on the sale of alcohol, rises in wages, and the cessation of all banqueting business are further reasons put forward by the directors of the Savoy Hotel Company in a circular issued on Monday to explain a fall in gross receipts for the first nine months of the current financial year of £186,000, of which £84,600 is in respect of the letting of rooms. The amount of profit for the full financial year is estimated at £70,000, as against £171,000 in 1914. First charges require £61,080, and second and other charges £61,100; and it is to the holders of these second debentures and notes that the circular is addressed. To meet the situation the directors propose to suspend the payment of the second charges and to issue in lieu thereof, until the end of the war, Deferred Interest Certificates bearing interest at 6 per cent., to be redeemed out of profits after the expiry of the suspension period. Holders will, therefore, suffer no loss, and will in the meantime be earning 6 per cent. in cash on the amount of their certificates. No dividends are to be paid on either Preference or Ordinary shares until the Certificates have been redeemed in full and Sinking Fund payments made good. If the estimate of profits prove correct, there will be available for payment of interest on the certificates a balance of £8,920, and holders cannot go far wrong in assenting to the scheme.

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